



THE ONLY REMAINING  
COMPLETE SETS  
OF  
THE LIVING AGE,  
AT A LARGE DISCOUNT.

---

The publishers have a small number of Complete Sets of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, which they offer at a large reduction from former prices.

As the Sets cannot be reprinted, the last opportunity is now offered not only to procure them cheaply, but to procure them at all.

The last number of the year 1872 completed the *Fourth Series*, and the *One Hundred and Fifteenth Volume*, from the beginning of the publication. The regular price of volumes has been, in numbers, *two dollars* per volume, or, bound in cloth, *three dollars* per volume. The publishers now offer the Complete Sets to the close of 1872 (115 volumes), as follows:—

In numbers, or sheets, ready for binding, at one-half the subscription price, viz.: \$1.00 per volume; or, bound in black cloth, gilt lettered backs, at \$1.75 per volume.

Purchasers of Complete Sets of the First Four Series may at their option, include the whole, or any part, of the *Fifth Series*, to the end of 1891 (76 volumes), at the same rate.

It is hardly necessary to say to those acquainted with the work, that the same amount of such valuable reading cannot otherwise be purchased with three times the money for which it is here offered; and while this reduction in price places Sets within the reach of individuals possessing or forming private libraries, the attention of those interested in State, City, Town, College, or School Libraries is particularly called to this last opportunity of supplying their shelves with a complete work which it is believed no library in the country can (under this offer) afford to be without.

When packing boxes are necessary in forwarding Sets, the cost of the boxes will be added to the bill. Address

**LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford Street, Boston.**

,

G

o

te

r

,,

e

e,

r

,,

,,

e

s

s

e

s

e

s





# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
Volume LXXVIII. }

No. 2502.— June 11, 1892.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXIII.

## CONTENTS.

I. LE STYLE C'EST L'HOMME. By W. H. Mallock, . . . . .	<i>New Review</i> , . . . . .	643
II. THE FOOTSTEP OF DEATH, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	650
III. HOW LONG CAN THE EARTH SUSTAIN LIFE? . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . . . .	656
IV. WILLIAM BLAKE, . . . . .	<i>Belgravia</i> , . . . . .	664
V. SOME LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . . . .	673
VI. ISSIK KUL AND THE KARA KIRGHESSE, . . . . .	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	689
VII. MRS. DRIFFIELD, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	696
VIII. AUSTRALIA'S FIRST FLEET, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . .	698
IX. A NIGHT WITH JAPANESE FIREMEN, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . . . .	699
X. A NEW TASMANIAN TOWNSHIP, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . .	702
XI. IMPRESSIONS OF AN AUSTRALIAN IN LONDON, . . . . .	<i>"Greater Britain,"</i> . . . . .	703

## POETRY

DREAMLAND, . . . . .	642	TO APRIL, . . . . .	642
AN AUTOMATIC LAY, . . . . .	642	AN EPITAPH, . . . . .	642
MISCELLANY, . . . . .			704

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## DREAMLAND.

In the dim realm I wandered through,  
The shadow land of sleep,  
Came many souls of lovers true,  
A tryst unknown to keep.

There came the God of Dreams to rule  
His phantom kingdom o'er,  
And roses white and wonderful,  
And ghostly lilies bore.

And as I wandered, loneliest  
The spirits free among,  
Unto all those whose love was blest  
The fairest flowers he flung.

Then I caught his garment's floating hem,  
Murmuring bitterly:  
"King, all the daylight is for them —  
And hast thou naught for me?"

An instant as I stayed him there  
He looked upon my face,  
Before his garment's fold of air  
Melted from my embrace.

Then, swifter than a shadow flies,  
He passed, and no flower fell —  
But his eyes were as my lost love's eyes,  
Looking a last farewell.  
Longman's Magazine. MAY KENDALL.

## AN AUTOMATIC LAY.

BY A MUSICAL BOX.

MAN is a mere automaton — free-will a fable  
vain:

This dogma in the magazines I lay down  
plump and plain —

The editor, poor man, may sigh, and call my  
reasoning thin:

But o'er his acts he's no control, — the article  
goes in.

To life's enigmas, you'll admit, I've found  
the master-key;

A bunch of instincts, uncontrolled, inherited,  
make me;

Whate'er my forbears thought or did, I think  
and do it still:

That legacy's my own, although they could not  
leave a *will*.

The troubles that beset our life thus vanish  
into air;

When nobody can help themselves, need any-  
body care?

The housemaid smashes, free from blame —  
her works she can't adjust;

"Why do the things 'let go her hand'?"  
Dear me! because they *must*!

All criminals I look upon with pity kin to  
love;

The murderer was *born* to slay — poor, harm-  
less, sucking dove!

The only folk who really rouse my automatic  
rage,  
Are Christians, and such imbeciles — dis-  
graces to their age!

To think that any man of sense can really hold  
it true

That he's responsible for aught that he may  
say or do!

Hypnotic he — or hypocrite! and yet, it's  
hard to say

Why I should scold automata because they're  
"built that way."

And is it not a soothing thought to feel that  
no one can

By striving, ever grow into a pure and up-  
right man?

But must remain, till freed by death, while  
years are rolling on,

A helpless, hopeless, fate-compelled, evolved  
automaton!

Spectator.

R. K. H.

## TO APRIL.

SWEET maiden, with the daffodil-crowned  
head,

We saw the glimmer of thy kirtle green

At peep of day, we saw the silver sheen

Of thy small girdle, and a rosier red

Blushed in the Dawn's fair face, to thee he  
sped

With arms outstretched in joy, for he hath  
seen

And loved thy loveliness. O blue-eyed queen,  
The south wind speaks of thee, and winter's

dead.

To thee, the wild thrush singeth his clear  
song

Of gladness and unutterable bliss,

And in the upper heaven the young lark fills

The blue air with delight; the small heart  
thrills

At sight of thee, with love he falls to kiss

Thy twinkling feet amid the meadows long.

Temple Bar.

MARY FURLONG.

## AN EPITAPH.

I DREAMED that one had died in a strange  
place

Near no accustomed hand,

And they had nailed the boards above her face,

The peasants of that land,

And, wondering, planted by her solitude

A cypress and a yew.

I came and wrote upon a cross of wood —

Man had no more to do —

"She was more beautiful than thy first love

This lady by the trees,"

And gazed upon the mournful stars above,

And heard the mournful breeze.

W. E. YEATS.

From The New Review.

## LE STYLE C'EST L'HOMME.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

CRITICISM is apt to be more literary than literature. It may easily be shown, I think, that it ought properly to be less so. What I mean can be put thus. We may say, without pushing the analogy too far, that literature is to the civilized life of the mind what food and drink of some sort are to the life of the body; and just as the aim of delicacy in wines and cookery is not principally the pleasure of cooks and wine-tasters, but the pleasure generally of a certain fastidious public, so the first and principal appeal of literature is not to those who are specially or technically interested in it, but to a certain general public whose thoughts and sympathies it affects. It is important from the way in which it enters not into libraries, but into lives.

We must, however — to go back to eating and drinking — recollect that, to enjoy fine wines and cookery properly, much more is wanted than the mere power to pay for them. The palate must be made self-conscious; it must learn to discriminate and expect. And precisely the same thing is true with regard to literature. In all literature which the general reader appreciates, there are qualities and flavors which are sure to escape his appreciation until they have been shown him, or he has learned to discriminate and expect them. To show him these and teach him their value, this is the function of criticism.

If literature itself, then, is, as it is, important, because of its effect not on the literary world, but on the world, the same thing holds good of criticism in a yet greater degree. An original work of art, though it appeals to the world ultimately, may at first be understood by a limited circle only; but the function of the critic is to admit the world into this circle, and he must speak to the world immediately, or else he need speak to no one. He is an interpreter, knowing two languages — that of letters, and that of ordinary life. He has learnt through the medium of the first; but he must teach through the medium of the second. An ideal critic, in

fact, is not an ideal writer; he is essentially the ideal general reader. He should look on general readers as if they were his brothers and his sisters, and treat them as if they could share with him every perception he possessed. He should never forget that they are his first and his legitimate audience.

But this is what critics far too often do forget. They forget to whom they are writing, just as if a person in conversation were to forget to what company he was speaking. Thus, though what they say may be admirable when it is understood, it is not understood by those most concerned in understanding it. It does not touch their sympathies; it does not address them in terms of their own habitual experiences, their interests, tastes, prejudices, and ways of thought. In other words, there is a failure, not in their matter, but in their style.

And now let me give an instance which at first will seem to many to refute my allegation, but for that reason will the better illustrate and support it. The instance is Mr. Matthew Arnold. Now if one quality in Mr. Arnold's writings has been praised more than another, it has been the great beauty of their style; and in many, and most important ways, the praise is completely just. But, underlying all its merits, this style has one great defect. The audience to whom Mr. Arnold always conceives himself to be speaking is not the world but a clique; and his style is consequently full of peculiarities, specially suited, no doubt, to this peculiar people, but specially, on that very account, unsuited to anybody else. He has favorite words and phrases which in ordinary society are meaningless, or else odd and irritating, like some Bohemianism in dress. He alludes to opinions, facts, and persons, as being of admitted importance, or familiarly known to everybody, which are so perhaps to a clique, but which to the outside world are not known at all, or at least are of no interest. What many of his admirers used to call his "Olympian air" was by nobody outside a clique ever suspected to be "Olympian;" but it either escaped notice altogether, or was merely wondered at as some curious solecism. If

the subjects Mr. Arnold discussed had been the subjects of a clique merely, and if he had meant to address only such persons as belonged to it, what has been spoken of as a defect might have possibly been a signal merit. But the very reverse was the case. His subjects were of general interest, and he wanted to address the world. But the world unluckily was represented for him by an extremely narrow and unrepresentative section of it, and his style was narrow in consequence, as compared with the interest of his subjects.

I mention this defect of Mr. Arnold's for two distinct reasons. I am going myself to criticise a subject which is of general interest — namely, not Mr. Arnold's style, but style in general; and the fault I have attributed to this distinguished critic is the special fault I wish myself to avoid. Style has been written about by critics without number; but Mr. Arnold's defect has been usually theirs also. They have usually considered their subject from the point of view of the writer. My wish is to do so from the point of view of the reader.

But I have alluded to Mr. Arnold for another reason also, and a much more important one. The quality in his style which I have just spoken of as a defect, may also be considered merely as a strongly marked characteristic; and as such it happens to illustrate that element, which is at the bottom of all style whether for bad or good — which readers most generally feel, and least generally recognize, and which, for every reason, we ought to begin with examining.

We all feel, then, that, apart from the mere matter conveyed by it, one man's writing affects us differently from another's; and we are accustomed to say, according as we are pleased by it or otherwise, that the style is good or bad. But though we all feel what we mean when we say this, most people do not know what they mean, or know it very imperfectly. Style is supposed popularly to be mere technical skill in writing — some felicity in the turning of phrases, or in the adroit conduct of sentences; and whenever a book exhibits these characteristics the ordinary reader says indifferently with regard to it,

that "the style is good," or that "it is well written."

Such language, however, betrays a complete misconception of facts, and indeed often puzzles the very people who use it; for it is the commonest thing in the world to hear the complaint made that a book has a good style, and yet that it is difficult to read. The explanation is simple, and may be indicated in what seems a paradox, but is in reality a literal and fundamental truth. A book may be very ill-written, and yet have a charming style; it may be very well-written, and yet its style may be absolutely insufferable. The foundation of style, its essence, its coloring principle, is not the writer's skill as a writer, but his character as a man; and this shows itself in ways with which technical skill, or even technical genius, has not essentially anything at all to do. For style, if we go to the bottom of it and examine the secret of its effect on us, is merely a means by which one personality impresses itself on others; and the pleasure, the indifference, or the distaste, with which we read a writer, is produced in just the same way as the corresponding feeling is produced in us by the company of a man.

There is here, it must be remembered, no question of matter, or what is said; there is only a question of manner, or of how it is said. We may listen to a man with interest if he tells us important news, and yet all the while we may be conscious that the very fact of his presence is an offence to us. Another man may tell us a mere succession of trifles, and he yet may fascinate us, and we shall think his company charming. The same is the case with style, and for the same reasons. What primarily attracts or repels us in it — what is, as I say, its foundation — consists of those personal qualities in the writer which by its means he impresses on us.

How this is will explain itself very easily, if we will but think for a moment of the kind of qualities in question. They are qualities of temperament, of morals, of tastes, of sympathies, of experience, of social associations and prejudices, and of personal breeding and deportment — of deference or familiarity, of ease or stiffness, towards the reader. And these may

show themselves clearly and strongly in ways with which technical skill in writing has nothing whatever to do.

Let us begin by considering the simplest way of all, and we shall at once see that this is so. Let us consider the selection and use of single words, in cases where there are numerous familiar synonyms to select from. We will take, for example, some occasion when the thing — *a man* — has to be mentioned. Now, for *man*, as a word, there are synonyms in great abundance, and of many writers each might select a different one — a human being, a gentleman, an old boy, a chap, an immortal soul, or even a bloke. All are known to any one who ever put pen to paper, so the selection is not dependent on the writer's command of language, but on his feelings, his mood, his good or his bad breeding; and the selection affects us like the tone of a voice in speaking. It reveals to us something about the writer personally which attracts, which strikes, or which repels us.

Let us now go a step further, and advance from words to phrases. The following passage is from the "Vanity Fair" of Thackeray: "Love was Miss Amelia Sedley's last tutoress, and it was amazing what progress our young lady made under that popular teacher. In the course of fifteen or eighteen months' daily attention to this eminent finishing governess, what a deal of secrets Amelia learned!" Now with regard to the quality of Thackeray's mere writing, it is agreed generally that his English was singularly pure. But with regard to his style there is no such agreement. To some it is delightful and captivating; others, as the late Lord Lytton was, are repelled and affronted by it. The sentences just quoted are full of Thackeray's style; but this has nothing to do with any purity in their English. Their mere English might be the English of any man, woman, or child. Their style shows itself in the use of certain very common phrases, as equivalents for certain nouns or names. These last are "Love" and "Miss Amelia Sedley." Love is a word that we all use alike. No personal character is betrayed in doing so; but when love is described as "that popular teach-

er," and a moment after as "this eminent finishing governess," a piece of the writer's character at once pointedly shows itself. He gives us an indication of his mood and manners as a man. Again, if a girl is named Miss Amelia Sedley, no character is betrayed in calling her by her formal name; but the moment a person speaks of her as "our young lady," character shows itself by an act of personal familiarity. The writer seems, in our presence, to be patting the young lady on the back, and his behavior excites a feeling in us either of coldness or cordiality towards him.

Thackeray, perhaps, gives us readier illustrations than any one of what, in this way, style is. The above refer only to a writer's character as exhibited in his attitude towards the thing or persons he is dealing with. What is equally important, and what colors his style equally, is his attitude towards the reader. Nobody shows us this also more clearly than Thackeray. Thackeray is a man always by deliberate choice in contact with company which he thinks a little too good for him; and he assumes that his reader is a person in the same position. He assumes that between them there is an identity of ideas and circumstances, and consequently a familiar understanding. He attracts attention by taking the reader's arm, and emphasizes his observations by a nudge. Now whether this behavior is ingratiating, or whether it is the reverse, is nothing to the point here. It may or may not have given a charm to Thackeray's style; the point here is simply that it gave a marked quality to his style. And every style, to a greater or less degree, is affected by a similar cause. It implies some personal attitude on the part of the writer towards the reader, some assumption with regard either to the reader's position or his capacities; and betrays the consequent temper in which the writer accosts and addresses him. We all know when a man speaks to us how much the pleasure with which we listen to him depends on these very causes — on the opinion which his manner leads us to form of him, and still more on the opinion which it indicates he has formed of us. And with the style of a writer the case is just the same.



In a word, the primary thing by which style affects us, by which it pleases or displeases us, or in which one style differs from another, is not its literary quality, but its human quality.

And the application of this remark is considerably wider than it may seem to be. As has been said before, the interest of a writer's matter is obviously a distinct thing from the interest of his style or manner; but in the popular mind there is apt to be some confusion as to where the one ends and where the other begins. Many things are considered as part of a writer's matter which do in reality belong to his style or manner. It is no doubt true that the one runs into the other, and it is difficult sometimes to decide as to which is which. But day differs from night, in spite of the ambiguities of twilight; and between matter and manner the difference is practically as distinct. Matter is that which the writer intends primarily to convey; manner includes everything in the way of allusion or illustration which is subsidiary to the matter, and which he uses to help him in conveying it.

Let us take, for instance, Sam Weller's description of his place at Mr. Pickwick's: "Plenty to get, as the soldier said, when they ordered him three hundred lashes." The first clause of this sentence belongs to the speaker's matter, the second to his style or manner. Let us go from Sam Weller to Macaulay, and we shall be able to discriminate similarly between the two elements. I take Macaulay's case because there are few writers the charm of whose manner is so liable to be confused with the interest of the matter, and few in which they are so readily separable. Most people fancy that the charm of Macaulay's style lies in the prompt and athletic movement of his sentences; but this is no more than the varnish is to the picture, though, perhaps, without it the picture might be hardly seen. His real charm lies in the immense range of his knowledge, and the shrewd and caustic sense which enables him to be so constantly applying it. He is the Ulysses of literature, with a parallel, with an illustration for everything. As he proceeds with his main subject he prepares our minds for appreciating it. He adds to our knowledge or he revives it; we are electrified as we listen; and the result is primarily due, as it might have been in the case of Ulysses, not to the fact that his illustrations are neatly given, but to the fact that they are so opposite, and that he

has so many to give. We are charmed because we are listening to an impressive and delightful person, not because we are listening to a practised and adroit writer.

And now to sum up what we have seen thus far, a very few illustrations have been quite sufficient to show us that many of the most distinguishing qualities of style — by which one style differs from another, and pleases or displeases us — are qualities which express themselves independently of any literary skill beyond that belonging to the most ordinary educated man. Let a writer merely have this much command over language, that he can write it as unaffectedly as he can speak it when entirely at his ease, and he will write a style which, according to his own character, will laugh or frown, show knowledge of the world or want of it, be diffident or self-possessed, well or ill bred, attractive, or distasteful, or vapid. If the man has not much character, the style will have not much either; but whatever the style is, the sort of effect it has on us will be found to depend ultimately on the sort of character which it introduces to us. Style, in fact, is the vehicle of character.

And now let us pass to another part of the subject — the part which many readers are accustomed to think of as the whole. We are coming at last to that — I mean the question of literary skill. It may seem to some, perhaps, as if, according to the above analysis, literary skill went for nothing — as if there were no room for it. Such, however, is the very reverse of the case. Character is capable of various degrees of self-revelation in style as it is in conversation. Put a man amongst company to which he is unaccustomed, or whose language he talks imperfectly, and we know what little justice he will most likely do himself, and how much of his character will be hidden under the veil of shyness. Put a man on the ice who is unaccustomed to skating, and though every movement of his body may be naturally instinct with grace, yet, till he has learnt to skate, his grace will appear to nobody. The same thing holds good, though with one point of difference, as to writing. The point of difference is this. Every educated man can write with some facility. He is more at ease, he is more himself, in writing than in company which makes him shy, or on skates if he has not learnt skating; and therefore without anything that can be called literary skill — without any special gift except that of being unaffected — he will exhibit, as he writes, certain points of his character; in



fact he will write a style, though probably without knowing it, as M. Jourdain talked prose. But though the writing of the ordinary man not only can, but inevitably will, reveal his character up to a certain point, and will so far possess a distinctive style, it will do this and possess this up to a certain point only, and to rise beyond that point exceptional skill is needed.

Let me pause here and go back to what I set out with urging. I urged that the coloring principle of style was not skill but character — was a human quality, not a literary accomplishment; and in order to prove this I adduced certain examples which showed how a writer's character was constantly revealing itself in ways with which literary skill had obviously nothing to do. But I did all this with the limited intention only of showing that style and skill were distinct things in essence, not of showing that the first had no need of the second. It has need of the second, and for the following reason. Just as style is the vehicle of character, so beyond a certain point must skill be the vehicle of style. The richer the character of the writer, the more delicate his power of perception; the deeper, the more composite, the more various the qualities he desires to convey, the more does his style need skill to show itself, to embody itself, one may almost say to exist. But none the less does this skill, no matter how great, depend for its charm — for its effects on us — not in itself, but on that which is conveyed to us through its medium. It is to the writer's personality what the telescope is to the heavens. It brings into view what would otherwise be unseen; but it is valuable not for what it is, but for what it reveals. The "watcher of the skies" —

When some new planet swims into his ken — the thing which impresses him is not the object-glass but a star.

And now let us descend from generalities to particulars, and inquire what the main constituents of literary skill are. First, then, we will deal with the broad and general question of the relation which written language bears to spoken language, and of how the first differs from the second, and why.

The simplest and most universal difference is this. It relates not to phraseology, or the quality of individual passages, but to the general arrangement and general management of the subject. When a man is describing or explaining anything to others in conversation, he sees the effect

of what he says as he proceeds, and anything which his hearers either fail to understand or object to he can, as the occasion arises, explain more fully or defend. But if he is describing or explaining the same thing in writing, he has no hearer who will question him or state objections, and constantly force him to be at once lucid and convincing. He is therefore obliged to imagine one; and his writing, unlike his conversation, has to do duty for speaker and hearer both. In conversation he is asked questions; in writing he has to anticipate them. The ability to do this — to be two persons at the same time, and to adapt what the one desires to say to the imagined capacity of the other who is assumed to be anxious to understand it — the ability to do this is a distinctly literary gift. It is not a gift either of knowledge or of intellect; it is merely the power of conveying these through a certain peculiar medium.

Nor must it be thought that it has to do only with the anticipation of argumentative difficulties, or the disposition of the points of an argument. Any one who carefully compares writing with intelligent talking, will be struck by the fact that, in the most forcible writing, statements are occurring constantly which, if made in conversation, would be platitudes. Let us take, for instance, the following from George Eliot's introduction to "Romola." She is speaking of sunrise four hundred years ago. "As the faint light of its course," she says, "pierced into the dwellings of men, it fell then as now on the rosy warmth of nestling children; on the haggard waking of sorrow and sickness; on the tardy uprising of hard-handed labor," and so on. Now, no one in conversation would think it worth his while to insist on, or even to mention, such obvious truths as these. But they have a use in writing of a peculiar and important kind. The writer has recourse to them not to inform the reader of what the reader does not know, or impress upon him anything he neglects, but merely, for the moment, to call his attention gently to some one of the many things familiar to him, as to which reader and writer are both in complete agreement; and thus to create or renew the sensation of their standing on common ground. This is one of the chief artifices by which a writer keeps in touch with his reader. It is not required in conversation, or only to a small degree; for in conversation the effect is produced by other means and circumstances. It is therefore an artifice

which belongs to writing specially; and skill in using it is distinctly literary skill.

I have spoken of the way in which a writer should anticipate the objections of a reader; and I myself anticipate that many readers will think I have not even yet reached the real heart of the subject, that I have said nothing about what they are accustomed to call "good writing." I am going to do so now. I am going to consider the question of words, phrases, and sentences — the choice of the one, the construction and movement of the other; and ask how, in these respects, writing differs from speaking, and what room they consequently offer for special literary skill.

What I have just been saying will assist us in understanding this. I have been saying that a writer must do duty for two persons — himself and his reader also. In the same way his language must do duty for two things — or, indeed, for more than two. When a man speaks he conveys his meaning not by words alone, but by manner, by look, by tone, and by many other means. But in writing he can use words, and nothing else besides; and his writing, therefore, will either be inferior to his speaking; or, if it is not, he must somehow use language so as to give it the qualities not of speech only, but of the various circumstances and accompaniments which complete its effect when spoken. For this reason, in order to produce the effect of spoken language, it must, in its management, differ from spoken language. For instance, most of the effect of a speaker's words depends on the slowness or rapidity, the softness or the loudness of his utterances, which are regulated by, and which express, his passion or his feeling at the moment. But in writing these qualities must be transferred from the voice to the very structure of the sentences. Emphasis, which is given by the voice in speaking, must be given by a repetition or inversion, or some other artifice, in writing. Haste or slowness must be expressed in the same way, by so collocating the words that clause after clause, sentence after sentence, shall of necessity either hurry or move sedately; and more important still, by means of rhythm and modulation, the language must be made to contain in its own structure all those variations of feeling which tone imparts to it when it is spoken. When two lovers are parting, is either of them likely to care for the literary construction of the sentences in which each says good-bye to happiness? But to reproduce the effect of these words in writing, they would have

to be changed, or re-arranged, or reinforced by others; and skill would be required to incorporate into language alone what naturally expresses itself when language is united with life.

I am inclined to say myself that, of what may be called mere writing, construction and modulation form the most important part; but certainly not far from these, and as some may think before them, comes skill as exhibited in the choice of words and phrases. The reader will remember that I instanced words and phrases as the subject of a kind of choice which, though an element of style, exhibited no skill whatever. But, as I have said already, mere ordinary choice, ordinary command of language, and ordinary sensitiveness to the power of it, will exhibit character up to a certain point only. It will result, as it were, in a pencil sketch, in which lights and shades are given very imperfectly, and in which color is not given at all. These elements, which mere ordinary choice of words fails to capture and express, are capable of expression by means of literary skill, in proportion to the degree in which a writer possesses it. Let us take, for instance, a writer like Mr. William Morris, who writes both prose and verse in a quasi-archaic dialect. We need not admire the dialect; we may, perhaps, think it ridiculous; but it exhibits a way of looking at things on the writer's part beyond the reach of language as commanded by the ordinary man. Again, another instance, of a kind equally marked, but far more genuine and legitimate, was recently put before the readers of this review, in Mr. Carlyle's novel. Things and events familiar to the kind of society he is describing are described by him in a strange and remote phraseology. A charming and distinguished hostess in a country house is, with him, "a woman of the stateliest yet humanest aspect, who presides over her company with the graceful dignity of a queen." A fisherman comes home with "some wonder-worthy fishes;" the younger men of the party are "brave young gallants;" and the ladies are "dames," who, when they sing after dinner in a summer-house, "heighten, and, as it were, vivify with music the other charms of a scene and evening so lovely." This peculiar choice of words fills the reader with the sense that the writer is a recluse, viewing what he describes as a stranger, and watching it with that attention, and appreciating it with that freshness which strangeness alone can give.

The highest skill, however, in this way,

and the strongest and most delicate results, are to be found not in wording that strikes the ear as peculiar, but in that which seems as we read it to differ from ordinary language in one respect alone — that of being more expressive; which is, one may say, ordinary language bewitched, and which sets us wondering not at itself but at its effects.

How the power of language is capable of being thus heightened is to be explained as follows. Language is made up of two sets of units — words and idioms, or phrases. Of these, some express nothing but what they express avowedly. Others carry with them some special set of associations. If I say "James struck John," I am conveying a simple fact. If I say "James hit John a crack," I am conveying something more. But, to begin with single words, let us take any set of synonyms, and some will be found scentless, others saturated with suggestion — the suggestions of no two being exactly similar. The French speak of a voice with tears in it; in the same way we may say that certain words have tears in them. And of phrases the same holds good. The ordinary man feels this to some degree; indeed the associations and secondary powers of language are derived from its ordinary use; and a certain effect, as I have pointed out already, becomes producible thus without any literary skill. Literary skill in this respect is merely the development of a common and universal faculty; but the difference between the faculty as developed, and as undeveloped, is great. Words and phrases of the kind alluded to are like colors on a painter's palette, the effect of which in the picture will depend on the colors near them. Again, to change the comparison, some words and phrases which will be scentless under some conditions, like night-smelling flowers, will become scented under others. Every chapter, every paragraph, of a book has some prevailing tone, and separate words and phrases, if they coincide with this tone, will support it; or, according as they differ from it, will bring themselves, as it were, into relief, and will attract attention by their special light or color; and in this way the whole surface of the style will be alive. To push style to such perfection as this, a sensitiveness to language and a skill in writing are needed, which are gifts or accomplishments of just as special a kind as a painter's command over his colors, or a musician's over his instrument.

The fact, however, remains which I set

out with asserting — that a style is pleasing or displeasing to us not because its writing is technically good or bad, but because it brings us in contact with a pleasing or displeasing, with a weak or a powerful personality; and the most exquisite skill of a purely literary kind is valuable only for the completeness with which it fulfils this function.

There are certain special exceptions to what I have just said which may be mentioned here, but need not be dwelt upon. I refer to such writing as that of unsigned articles in papers, where the writer is writing, not on behalf of himself, but of an institution — as, for instance, the *Times* — having a position and, consequently, a style of its own, which the writer adopts, like the intonation which a priest adopts at mass.

Putting aside, then, such cases as these, the quality of a style depends on the writer's character; and skill is only a condition — not always indispensable — of that quality showing itself. Such being the case, the question naturally is suggested — is there such a thing as a good style, in any more absolute sense than we can say that there is an attractive manner? In one respect, which I will speak of presently, I maintain that there is; but in every other respect there is not. A manner which is attractive to one set of people, or to one class of society, will to others be unattractive, or will not be understood; and with style it is the same. In times when readers were few, and when literature, like everything else, depended for its success on its power of pleasing aristocracies, style was good in proportion as it represented good breeding in manner. But as education has extended, and the reading public has increased, new schools of literature have naturally been developed, which address themselves directly to entirely different patrons — to a public whose manners and ways of thinking are different, and who demand in style an equivalent to the breeding which prevails amongst themselves. It is no doubt true that with regard to certain subjects, and under certain circumstances, good breeding in style, as in manner, consists merely in complete simplicity; but, putting the cases aside to which this statement applies, we must admit that in these days of different reading publics, a style which seems good to one may seem very bad to another. Compare, for instance, Greene's style with that of Gibbon. Gibbon writes like a man who is conscious not only of the dignity of his subject but of a certain stateliness

and social dignity in himself. He bows to his company, and begs permission to speak to them. But Mr. Greene seems to enter with a nod, and to say to them, "Here we are." Gibbon enters as if he were at some court ceremony; Mr. Greene as if he were jumping into a third-class railway carriage. For each style there is no doubt much to be said, and it may fairly be argued that neither is the best absolutely. But with equal fairness we may argue in the same way about breeding. If high breeding is no better than low breeding, we need not dispute about their relative excellence. But if about manner or manners we may say absolutely that those of the higher classes have — or have had — a grace, a delicacy, and a finish, not to be found in other sections of the community; if we may say absolutely of the manners of the old French court that they were superior to those of Mrs. Todgers's boarding-house; then we may say of style precisely the same thing — that the best style is the style which shows highest breeding, that corresponds most closely to the manners of the finished gentleman.

This point, however, is one which may perhaps be open to debate. The other, which I have still to mention, may be treated with decision and certainty. Whether or no a good style should be equivalent to the manners of the great world, it ought, at all events, to be equivalent to the manners of the world. I mean by this that it should affect us like the voice and the behavior of a man who is giving us his own thoughts and his own experience, and who presumes to address us not because he has read more deeply than we have, but because he has lived more deeply. Every word and phrase he uses, which has any special quality, should derive this from having been dipped in his own life, dyed in his own blood, perfumed with his own memories — whether these be of courts or solitudes. He should use no word, phrase, or rhythm, acquired at second-hand, and dyed with the blood and perfumed with the memories of others, unless his own life has given them a second baptism, and made their qualities his own. His language as it comes to the reader should come straight, and should be felt to come straight, from life and not from books. A phraseology which suggests books before it suggests life is like a colored window-pane intervening between ourselves and a view; or else like a dusty window-pane, which hides what it should reveal.

In other words, so far as form goes, the most perfect literary style is the style

which, whilst conveying most, seems to be least literary. Written language should produce the effect on the reader not of language which no one would have used in life, but which every one would have used under the circumstances, had they only been able to command it. This need not be always, or principally, the language of general society. It may be the language of the private interview, or the silent language of meditation or of day-dream; but it should be distinguishable as literary for this reason only, that it has more life, not less, in it than language as employed ordinarily; that it is not language only, but also voice and gesture; and the test of the highest art is the result that appears most natural, and which shows the writer most perfectly, not as a writer, but as a man. The style is the man; but it ought not to be the man of letters.

---

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE FOOTSTEP OF DEATH.

Godliness is great riches if a man be content with what he hath.

THESE words invariably carry me back in the spirit to a certain avenue of *she-sham* trees I knew in India; an avenue six miles long, leading through barren sandy levels to the river which divided civilization from the frontier wilds; an avenue like the aisle of a great cathedral with tall, straight trunks for columns, and ribbed branches sweeping up into a vaulted roof set with starry glints of sunshine among the green fretwork of the leaves. Many a time as I walked my horse over its chequered pavement of shade and shine I have looked out sideways on the yellow glare of noon beyond in grateful remembrance of the man who, — Heaven knows when! — planted this refuge for unborn generations of travellers. Not a bad monument to leave behind one among forgetful humanity.

The avenue itself, for all its contenting shade, had nothing to do with the text which brings it to memory; that co-ordination being due to an old fakeer who sate at the river end, where, without even a warning break, the aisle ended in a dazzling glare of sand-bank. This sudden change no doubt accounted for the fact that on emerging from the shade I always seemed to see a faint, half-hearted mirage of the still unseen river beyond. An elusive mirage, distinct in the first surprise of its discovery, vanishing when



the attention sought for it. Altogether a disturbing phenomenon, refusing to be verified; for the only man who could have spoken positively on the subject was the old fakeer, and he was stone blind. His face gave evidence of the cause in the curious puffiness and want of expression which confluent small-pox often leaves behind it. In this case it had played a sorrier jest with the human face divine than usual, by placing a flat, bloated mask wearing a perpetual smirk of content on the top of a mere anatomy of a body. The result was odd. For the rest a very ordinary fakeer, cleaner than most by reason of the reed broom at his side, which proclaimed him a member of the sweeper, or lowest, caste; in other words, one of those who at least gain from their degradation the possibility of living cleanly without the aid of others. There are many striking points about our Indian Empire; none perhaps more so, and yet less considered, than the disabilities which caste brings in its train; the impossibility, for instance, of having your floor swept unless Providence provides a man made on purpose. My fakeer, however, was of those to whom cleanliness and not godliness is the reason of existence.

That was why his appeal for alms, while it took a religious turn as was necessary, displayed also a truly catholic toleration. It consisted of a single monotonous cry: "In the name of your own saint," — or, as it might be translated, "In the name of your own God." It thrilled me oddly every time I heard it by its contented acquiescence in the fact that the scavenger's god was not a name wherewith to conjure charity. What then? The passer-by could give in the name of his particular deity and let the minor prophets go.

The plan seemed successful, for the wooden bowl, placed within the clean-swept ring, bordered by its edging of dust or mud, wherein he sat winter and summer, was never empty, and his cry, if monotonous, was cheerful. Not ten yards from his station beneath the last tree, the road ended in a deep cutting, through which a low-level bed of water flowed to irrigate a basin of alluvial land to the south; but a track, made passable for carts by tiger-grass laid athwart the yielding sand, skirted the cut to reach a ford higher up. A stiff bit for the straining bullocks, so all save the drivers took the short cut by the plank serving as a foot-bridge. It served also as a warning to the blind fakeer, without which many a possible contributor to the bowl might

have passed unheard and unsolicited over the soft sand. As it was, the first creak of the plank provoked his cry.

It was not, however, till I had passed the old man many times in my frequent journeyings across the river that I noticed two peculiarities in his method. He never begged of me or any other European who chanced that way, nor of those coming from the city to the river. The latter might be partly set down to the fact that from his position he could not hear their footsteps on the bridge till after they had passed; but the former seemed unaccountable; and one day when the red-funnelled steam ferry-boat, which set its surroundings so utterly at defiance, was late, I questioned him on the subject.

"You lose custom, surely, by seeking the shade?" I began. "If you were at the other side of the cut you would catch those who came from the city. They are the richest."

As he turned his closed eyes towards me with a grave obeisance which did not match the jaunty content of his mask, he looked — sitting in the centre of his swept circle — ludicrously like one of those pen-wipers young ladies make for charity bazaars.

"The Presence mistakes," he replied. "Those who come from the town have empty wallets. 'Tis those who come from the wilderness who give."

"But you never beg of me, whether I go or come. Why is that?"

"I take no money, Huzoor; it is of no use to me. The sahibs carry no food with them; not even tobacco, only cheroots."

The evident regret in the latter half of his sentence amused me. "'Tis you who mistake, fakeer-ji," I replied, taking out my pouch. "I am of those who smoke pipes. And now tell me why you refuse money; most of your kind are not so self-denying."

"That is easy to explain. Some cannot eat what is given; with me it is the other way. As my lord knows, we dust-like ones eat most things your God has made. But we cannot eat money, perhaps because he did not make it — so the padres say."

"Ah! you are learned; but you can always buy."

"Begging is easier. See! my bowl is full, and the munificent offering of the Presence is enough for two pipes. What more do I want?"

Viewed from his standpoint the question was a hard one to answer. The sun warmed him, the leaves sheltered him, the

passers-by nourished him, all apparently to his utmost satisfaction. I felt instinctively that the state of his mind was the only refuge for the upholders of civilization, and a high standard of comfort. So I asked him what he thought about all day long. His reply brought total eclipse to all my lights.

"Huzoor!" he said gravely, "I meditate on the Beauty of Holiness."

It was then that the text already quoted became indissolubly mixed up with the spreading *shesham* branches, the glare beyond, and that life-sized penwiper in the foreground. I whistled the refrain of a music-hall song and pretended to light my pipe. "How long have you been here?" I asked, after a time, during which he sat still as a graven image with his closed eyes towards the uncertain mirage of the river.

"Tis nigh on thirty years, my lord, since I have been waiting."

"Waiting for what?"

"For the Footstep of Death, — hark!" he paused suddenly, and a tremor came to his closed eyelids as he gave the cry: "In the name of your God!"

The next instant a faint creak told me that the first passenger from the newly arrived ferry-boat had set foot on the bridge. "You have quick ears, fakeer-ji," I remarked.

"I live on footsteps, my lord."

"And when the Footstep of Death comes you will die of one, I presume!"

He turned his face towards me quickly; it gave me quite a shock to find a pair of clear, light-brown eyes looking at, or rather beyond, me. From his constantly closed lids I had imagined that — as is so often the case in small-pox — the organs of sight were hopelessly diseased or altogether destroyed; indeed, I had been grateful for the concealment of a defect out of which many beggars would have made capital. But these eyes were apparently as perfect as my own, and extraordinarily clear and bright; so clear that it seemed to me as if they did not even hold a shadow of the world around them. The surprise made me forget my first question in another.

"Huzoor!" he replied, "I am quite blind. The light came from the sky one day and removed the light I had before. It was a bad thunderstorm, Huzoor; at least, being the last this slave saw, he deems it bad. But it is time the Great Judge took his exalted presence to yonder snorting demon of a boat, for it is ill-mannered, waiting for none. God knows

wherefore it should hurry so. The river remains always, and sooner or later the screeching thing sticks on a sand-bank."

"True enough," I replied, laughing. "Well! salaam, fakeer-ji."

"Salaam, Shelter of the World. May the God of gods elevate your honor to the post of lieutenant-governor without delay."

After this I often stopped to say a few words to the old man and give him a pipeful of tobacco. For the ferry-boat fulfilled his prophecy of its future to a nicety, by acquiring intimate acquaintance with every shallow in the river; a habit fatal to punctuality. It was an odd sight lying out, so trim and smart, in the wastes of sand and water. Red funnels standing up from among Beloochees and their camels, bullocks scarred by the plough, *zenana*-women huddled in helpless, white heaps, wild frontiersmen squatted on the saddlebags with which a sham Orientalism has filled our London drawing-rooms. Here and there a dejected half-caste or a specimen of young India brimful of the *Spectator*. Over all, on the bridge, Captain Ram Baksh struggling with a double nature, represented on the one side by his nautical pea-coat, on the other by his baggy, native trousers. "Ease her! stop her! hard astern! full speed ahead!" All the shibboleths, even to the monotonous "*ba-la-mar-do* (by the mark two)" of the leadsman forrards. Then, suddenly, overboard goes science and with it a score of lascars and passengers, who, knee-deep in the ruddy stream, set their backs lazily against the side, and the steam ferry-boat Pioneer, built at Barrow-in-Furness with all the latest improvements, sidles off her sandbank in the good old legitimate way sanctioned by centuries of river usage. To return, however, to fakeer-ji. I found him as full of trite piety as a copy-book, and yet for all that the fragments of his history, with which he interlarded these commonplaces, seemed to me well worth consideration. Imagine a man born of a long line of those who have swept the way for princes; who have, as it were, prepared God's earth for over-refined footsteps. That, briefly, had been fakeer-ji's inheritance before he began to wait for the Footstep of Death. Whatever it may do to the imagination of others, the position appealed to mine strongly, the more so because, while speaking freely enough about the family of decayed kings to whom he and his forbears had belonged, and of the ruined palace they still possessed in the oldest part of the city, he was singu-



larly reticent as to the cause which had turned him into a religious beggar. For the rest he waited in godliness and contentment (or so he assured me) for the Footstep of Death.

The phrase grew to be quite a catchword between us. "Not come yet, fakeer-ji?" I would call as I trotted past after a few days' absence.

"Huzoor! I am still waiting. It will come some time."

One night in the rains word came from a contractor over the water that a new canal-dam of mine showed signs of giving, and, anxious to be on the spot, I set off at once to catch the midnight ferry-boat. I shall not soon forget that ride through the *shesham* aisle. The floods were out, and for the best part of the way a level sheet of water gleaming in the moonlight lay close up to the embankment of the avenue, which seemed more than ever like a dim colonnade leading to an unseen holy of holies. Not a breath of wind, not a sound save the rustle of birds in the branches overhead, and suddenly, causelessly, a snatch of song hushed in its first notes, as if the singer found it too light for sleep, too dark for song. The beat of my horse's feet seemed to keep time with the stars twinkling through the leaves.

I was met at the road's end by the unwelcome news that at least two hours must elapse ere the Pioneer could be got off a newly invented mud-bank which the river had maliciously placed in a totally unexpected place. Still more unwelcome was the discovery that, in my hurry, I had left my tobacco-pouch behind me. Nothing could be done save to send my groom back with the pony and instructions for immediate return with the forgotten luxury. After which I strolled over towards my friend the fakeer, who sate ghostlike in the moonlight with his bowl full to the brim in front of him. "That snorting devil behaves worse every day," he said fervently; "but if the Shelter of the Poor will tarry a twinkling I will sweep him a spot suitable for his exalted presence."

Blind as he was, his dexterous broom had traced another circle of cleanliness in a trice, a new reed-mat, no bigger than a handkerchief, was placed in the centre, and I was being invited to ornament just such another penwiper as the fakeer occupied himself. "Mercy," he continued, as I took my seat, shifting the mat so as to be able to lean my back against the tree, "blesses both him who gives, and those who take." Even Shakespeare, it will be

observed, yields at times to platitude. "For see," he added solemnly, producing something from a hollow in the root, "the Presence's own tobacco returns to the Presence's pipe."

Sure enough it was genuine Golden Cloud, and the relief overpowered me. There I was, after a space, half lying, half sitting in the clean, warm sand, my hands clasped at the back of my head as I looked up into the shimmering light and shade of the leaves.

"Upon my soul I envy you, fakeer-ji. We who go to bed at set times and seasons don't know the world we live in."

"Religion is its own reward," remarked the graven image beside me, for he had gone back to his penwiper by this time. But I was talking more to myself than to him, in the half-drowsy excitement of physical pleasure, so I went on unheeding.

"Was there ever such a night since the one Jessica looked upon! and what a scent there is in the air,—orange blossoms or something!"

"It is a tree further up the water-cut, Huzoor, a hill tree. The river may have brought the seed; it happens so sometimes. Or the birds may have brought it from the city. There was a tree of the kind in a garden there. A big tree with large white flowers; so large that you can hear them fall."

The graven image sat so still with its face to the river, that it seemed to me as if the voice I heard could not belong to it. A dreamy sense of unreality added to my drowsy enjoyment of the surroundings.

"Magnolia," I murmured sleepily; "a flower to dream about,—hullo! what's that?"

A faint footfall as of some one passing down an echoing passage, loud, louder, loudest, making me start up, wide awake, as the fakeer's cry rose on the still air: "In the name of your God!"

Some one was passing the bridge from the river, and after adding his mite to the bowl, went on his way.

"It is the echo, Huzoor," explained the old man, answering my start of surprise. "The tree behind us is hollow and the cut is deep. Besides, to-night the water runs deep and dark as death because of the flood. The step is always louder then."

"No wonder you hear so quickly," I replied, sinking back again to my comfort. "I thought it must be the Footstep of Death at least."

He had turned towards me, and in the

moonlight I could see those clear eyes of his shining as if the light had come into them again.

"Not yet, Huzoor! But it may be the next one for all we know."

What a gruesome idea! Hark! There it was again; loud, louder, loudest, and then silence.

"That came from the city, Huzoor. It comes and goes often, for the law-courts have it in grip. Perhaps that is worse than death."

"Then you recognize footsteps?"

"Surely. No two men walk the same; a footstep is as a face. Sometimes after long years it comes back, and then you know it has passed before."

"Do they generally come back?"

"Those from the city go back sooner or later unless death takes them. Those from the wilderness do not always return. The city holds them fast, in the palace or in the gutter."

Again the voice seemed to me not to belong to the still figure beside me. "It makes a devilish noise, I admit," I said, half to myself; "but —"

"Perhaps if the Huzoor listened for Death as I do he might keep awake. Or perhaps if my lord pleases I might tell him a story of footsteps to drive the idle dreams from his brain till the hour of that snorting demon comes in due time?"

"Go ahead," said I briefly as I looked up at the stars.

So he began. "It's a small story, Huzoor. A tale of footsteps from beginning to end, for I am blind. Yet life was not always listening. They used to say that Cheytu had the longest sight, the longest legs, and the longest wind of any boy of his age. I was Cheytu." He paused, and I watched a dancing shadow of a leaf till he went on. "The little princess said Cheytu had the longest tongue too, for I used to sit in the far corner by the pillar beyond her carpet and tell her stories. She used to call for Cheytu all day long. 'Cheytu, smooth the ground for Aimna's feet' — 'Cheytu, sweep the dead flowers from Aimna's path' — 'Cheytu, fan the flies from Aimna's doll,' — for naturally, Huzoor, Cheytu the sweeper did not fan the flies from the little princess herself; that was not his work. I belonged to her footsteps. I was up before dawn sweeping the arcades of the old house ready for them, and late at night it was my work to gather the dust of them and the dead flowers she had played with, and bury them away in the garden out of sight."

A dim perception that this was strange talk for a sweeper made me murmur sleepily: "That was very romantic of you, Cheytu." On the other hand it fitted my environment so admirably that the surprise passed almost as it came.

"She was a real princess, the daughter of kings who had been, — God knows when! It is written, doubtless, somewhere. Yes! a real princess, though she could barely walk, and the track of her little feet was often broken by hand-marks in the dust. For naturally, Huzoor, the dust might help her, but not I, Cheytu, who swept it for her steps. That was my task till the day of the thunderstorm. The house seemed dead of the heat. Not a breath of life anywhere, so at sundown they set her to sleep on the topmost roof under the open sky. Her nurse, full of frailty as women are, crept down while the child slept, to work evil to mankind as women will. Huzoor, it was a bad storm. The red clouds had hung over us all day long, joining the red dust from below, so that it came unawares at last, splitting the air and sending a great ladder of light down the roof.

"'Aimna! Aimna!' cried some one. I was up first and had her in my arms; for see you, Huzoor, it was life or death, and the dead belong to us whether they be kings or slaves. It was out on the bare steps, and she sleeping sound as children sleep, that the light came. The light of a thousand days in my eyes and on her face. It was the last thing I saw, Huzoor; the very last thing Cheytu the sweeper ever saw.

"But I could hear. I could hear her calling and I knew how her face must be changing by the change in her voice. And then one day I found myself sweeping the house against her wedding feast; heard her crying amongst her girl friends in the inner room. What then? Girls always cry at their weddings. I went with her, of course, to the new life because I had swept the way for her ever since she could walk, and she needed me more than ever in a strange house. It was a fine rich house, with marble floors and a marble summer-house on the roof above her rooms. People said she had made a good bargain with her beauty; perhaps, but that child's face that I saw in the light was worth more than money, Huzoor. She had ceased crying by this time, for she had plenty to amuse her. Singers and players, and better story-tellers than Cheytu the sweeper. It was but fair, for

look you, her man had many more wives to amuse him. I used to hear the rustle of her long, silk garments, the tinkle of her ornaments, and the cadence of her laughter. Girls ought to laugh, Huzoor, and it was springtime; what we natives call spring, when the rain turns dry sand to grass and the roses race the jasmine for the first blossom. The tree your honor called magnolia grew in the women's court, and some of the branches spread over the marble summer-house almost hiding it from below. Others again formed a screen against the blank, white wall of the next house. The flowers smelt so strong that I wondered how she could bear to sleep amongst them in the summer-house. Even in my place below on the stones of the courtyard they kept me awake. People said I had fever, but it was not that; only the scent of the flowers. I lay awake one dark, starless night, and then I first heard the footstep, if it was a footstep. Loud, louder, loudest; then a silence save for the patter of the falling flowers. I heard it often after that, and always when it had passed the flowers fell. They fell about the summer-house too, and in the morning I used to sweep them into a heap and fling them over the parapet. But one day, Huzoor, they fell close at hand, and my groping fingers seeking the cause found a plank placed bridge-wise amongst the branches. Huzoor! was there any wonder the flowers fell all crushed and broken? That night I listened again, and again the footsteps came amid a shower of blossoms. What was to be done? Her women were as women are, and the others were jealous already. Next day when I went to sweep I strewed the fallen flowers thick, thick as a carpet round her bed; for she had quick wits I knew.

"Cheytu! Cheytu!"

"The old call came as I knew it would, and thinking of that little child's face in the light I went up to her boldly.

"My princess," I said in reply to her question as I bent over the flowers, 'tis the footstep makes them fall so thick. If it is your pleasure I will bid it cease. They may hurt your feet.'

I knew from her silence she understood. Suddenly she laughed; such a girl's laugh.

"Flowers are soft to tread upon, Cheytu. Go! you need sweep for me no more.'

"I laughed too as I went. Not sweep for her when she only knew God's earth after I had made it ready for her feet! It

was a woman's idle word, but woman-like she would think and see wisdom for herself.

"That night I listened once more. The footstep must come once I knew; just once, and after that wisdom and safety. Huzoor! it came, and the flowers fell softly. But wisdom was too late. I tried to get at her to save her from their pitiless justice. I heard her cries for mercy; I heard her cry even for Cheytu the sweeper before they flung me from the steps where the twinkling lights went up and down as if the very stars from the sky had come to spy on her. What did they do to her while I lay crushed among the crushed flowers? Who knows? It is often done, my lord, behind the walls. She died; that is all I know, that is all I cared for. When I came back to life she was dead and the footstep had fled from revenge. It had friends over the Border where it could pause in safety till the tale was forgotten. Such things are forgotten quickly, my lord, because the revenge must be secret as the wrong; else it is shame, and shame must not come nigh good families. But the blind do not forget easily; perhaps they have less to remember. Could I forget the child's face in the light? As I told the Presence, those who go from the city come back to it sooner or later unless death takes them first. So I wait for the footstep — hark!"

Loud — louder — loudest: "In the name of your own God."

Did I wake with the cry? Or did I only open my eyes to see a glimmer of dawn paling the sky, the birds shifting in the branches, the old man seated bolt upright in his penwiper.

"That was the first passenger, Huzoor," he said quietly. "The boat has come. It is time your honor conferred dignity on ill manners by joining it."

"But the Footstep! the princess! you were telling me just now —"

"What does a sweeper know of princesses, my lord? The Presence slept, and doubtless he dreamed dreams. The tobacco —"

He paused. "Well," said I curiously. "Huzoor! this slave steeps his tobacco in the sleep-compeller. It gives great contentment."

I looked down at my pipe. It was but half smoked through. Was this really the explanation?

"But the echo?" I protested. "I heard it but now."

"Of a truth there is an echo. That is not a dream. For the rest it is well. The time has passed swiftly, the Huzoor is rested, his servant has returned, the boat has come — all in contentment. The Shelter of the World can proceed on his journey in peace, and return in peace."

"Unless the Footstep of Death overtakes me meanwhile," said I, but half satisfied.

"Huzoor! It never overtakes the just. Death and the righteous look at each other in the face as friends. When the Footstep comes I will go to meet it, and so will you. Hark! the demon screeches. Peace go with you, my lord."

About a year after this the daily police reports brought me the news that my friend the old fakeer had been found dead in the water-cut. An unusually heavy flood had undermined the banks and loosened the bridge; it must have fallen while the old man was on it, for his body was jammed against the plank which had stuck across the channel a little way down the stream. He had kept his word and gone to meet the Footstep. A certain unsatisfied curiosity, which had never quite left me since that night in the rains, made me accompany the doctor when, as in duty bound, he went to the dead-house to examine the body. The smiling mask was unchanged, but the eyes were open, and looked somehow less empty dead than in the almost terrible clearness of life. The right hand was fast clenched over something.

"Only a crushed magnolia blossom," said the doctor, gently unclasping the dead fingers. "Poor beggar! it must have been floating in the water, — there's a tree up the cut; I've often smelt it from the road. Drowning men, — you know the rest."

Did I? The coincidence was, to say the least of it, curious. It became more curious still when, three weeks afterwards, the unrecognizable body of a man was found half buried in the silt left in the alluvial basin by the subsiding floods; a man of more than middle age, whose right hand was clenched tight, over nothing.

So the question remains. Did I dream that night, or did the Footstep of Death bring revenge when it came over the bridge at last? I have never been able to decide; and the only thing which remains sure is the figure of the old fakeer with blind eyes, looking out on the uncertain mirage of the river waiting in godliness and contentment — for what?

From The Fortnightly Review.

#### HOW LONG CAN THE EARTH SUSTAIN LIFE?

It seems to be worth while to collect together what may be said on the subject of the duration of life on the globe viewed as a problem in physics, and this is the subject I propose to discuss in the present article.

In the first place, it will be desirable to define a little more clearly the exact question which is to engage us, so as to avoid raising collateral inquiries on which it would not be convenient now to enter. Let it be first of all understood that I am not intending to discuss at present the question in its biological point of view, at least not more than to allude to the conceivability that there can be biological reasons for anticipating a termination to man's existence some time or other. Why, it may be asked, should the human species expect to enjoy perennial existence, seeing that the facts of paleontology show us that multitudes of races of animals have had their little day, and vanished? It would, at least, be necessary for man to see clear grounds for his belief before he could fancy himself entitled to an immunity from the destruction which seems to be the destiny of other species. Biological agents for the extinction of man have been suggested with plausibility. The influenza bacillus was lately rampant over the world. Is there any security against some other bacillus quite as ubiquitous, and ten times as fatal, coming to take its abode among us? It may be that the intelligence of man shall be able to cope with the deadly influences that are around him, and that thus the human race may be preserved from the annihilation that seems to await all unintelligent races of animals. The Kochs of the future may be able to devise means by which the ravages of the bacilli in the human body can be restrained within moderate bounds, if not wholly frustrated. The advent of intelligent beings on the globe has certainly introduced a factor into evolution the full import of which we are not at present able to appreciate. Speaking broadly, we may assert that every species of animal gradually vanishes, or is transformed into what may be considered a creation of different character. There are, of course, a few apparent exceptions among organizations of a low type. But the instances of such identities at epochs separated by so vast a period are comparatively few, and they are not to be met with among animals of the higher type. Though some of the

lower animals to which we have referred may be of more abiding duration than the higher forms, yet it by no means follows that any of the lower types are qualified for indefinitely long existence. It seems much more likely that, when sufficient time has elapsed, they will not be found exceptions to the law that the duration of every species is limited. The paleontological evidence, so far as it goes, must therefore be held to suggest that the present human animal, like every other species, is necessarily doomed to disappear, unless in so far as the presence of intelligence may be able to avert the fate that seems to attend every species in which intelligence is absent. How far intelligence may be able to accomplish this is a point on which paleontology gives no guidance whatever. Would the plesiosaurus, if he had been gifted with reasoning power, have been able to do such battle for his race that they would have survived those changes and chances which have certainly swept such creatures from existence? Without speculating on such a question, we may, nevertheless, believe that intelligence can sometimes confer on the species which possesses it a degree of pliancy in accommodating itself to altered conditions of the environment superior to that enjoyed by organisms without intellectual power. It may be noted that man has preserved at least one species of animal from the extinction which to all appearance would otherwise have overtaken it. The camel, as a wild animal, is wholly extinct. In fact, its nearest ally at present living in a state of nature must be sought in the New World. The camel itself, and its immediate congeners, have been so totally extirpated as wild animals, that it is to the llamas and alpacas of Peru that we have to look for the nearest wild animals to the ship of the desert, which has from time immemorial been domesticated in the East. It is at least conceivable that what man has been able to do for other races of animals he can also do on behalf of that race to which he himself belongs. Suppose that the succession of summer and winter, of seedtime and harvest, were to last indefinitely; suppose that the sun was never to be less generous in the dispensing of his benefits than he is at present, it is quite possible that man's intelligence might be able to defeat various enemies which threaten the extinction of his species. It seems useless for us to discuss this question, for it is perfectly certain that though man might successfully combat some of the agents seeking for his

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXVIII. 4042

destruction, there is certainly one that it would be wholly beyond his power to subdue. An agent over which he has and can have no control whatever imposes a term to his existence; nor does it seem possible for human intelligence to avert the threatened doom. To point out the necessity for this conclusion is my object in this paper.

I know that in the present day there are many who seem to think that hardly any boundaries can be assigned to the resources of a reasoning being. I have heard that when King Hudson in the zenith of his fame was asked as to what his railways were to do when all the coal was burned out, he replied that by that time we should have learned how to burn water. Those who are asked the same question now, will often reply that they will use electricity, and doubtless think that they have thus disposed of the question. The fallacy of such answers is obvious. A so-called "water gas" may no doubt be used for developing heat, but it is not the water which supplies the energy. Trains may be run by electricity, but all that the electricity does is to convey the energy from the point where it is generated to the train which is in motion. Electricity is itself no more a source of power than is the rope with which a horse drags a boat along the canal. There is much more philosophy in the old saying, "Money makes the mare to go," than in the optimistic doctrine we often hear spoken of with regard to the capacity of man for dealing with nature. The fact is that a very large part of the boasted advance of civilization is merely the acquisition of an increased capability of squandering. For what are we doing every day but devising fresh appliances to exhaust with ever greater rapidity the hoard of coal. There are just a certain number of tons of coal lying in the earth, and when these are gone there can be no more forthcoming. There is no manufacture of coal in progress at the present time. The useful mineral was the product of a very singular period in the earth's history, the like of which has not again occurred in any noteworthy degree in the geological ages which have since run their course. Our steam-engines are methods of spending this hoard; and what we often hear lauded as some triumph in human progress is merely the development of some fresh departure in a frightful extravagance. We would justly regard a man as guilty of expending his substance wastefully if he could not perform a journey without a



coach-and-six and half-a-dozen outriders, and yet we insist that the great steamers which take us across the Atlantic shall be run at a speed which requires engines, let us say, of twelve thousand horse-power. If the number of passengers on such a vessel be set down as five hundred, we have for each passenger the united force of twenty-four horses, night and day, throughout the voyage. I expect our descendants will think that our coal cellars have been emptied in a very wasteful manner, particularly when they reflect that if we had been content with a speed somewhat less than that at present demanded the necessary consumption of coal would have been reduced in a far greater proportion than the mere alteration of speed would imply.

Of course, no one will contend that the exhaustion of coal means the end of the human race; man lived here for tens of thousands of years before he learned how to use coal. There may be a sort of Chinese-like civilization quite compatible with the absence of mineral fuel, at all events in regions where the climate is tolerably mild. We must also remember, as Professor Crookes has so forcibly pointed out, in a recent article, that there are vast stores of energy available elsewhere. The radiation from the sun, if it could be suitably garnered up and employed both directly as heat and indirectly as a source of power, would be quite capable of supplying all conceivable wants of humanity for ages. It is also to be noted that we live on the outside of a globe the inside of which is filled with substances that appear, from all we can learn, to have a temperature not less than that of molten iron. If the crust could be pierced sufficiently far, vast indeed is the quantity of heat that might be available. We see the operation of tapping the internal heat going on in nature. Every volcanic outbreak, every spring of hot water, every geyser are but indications of the internal heat of our globe. It may indeed be hard to see how a practical method for drawing on this vast reserve of heat can be devised, but it is at least conceivable that it may be rendered available when the coal and other more accessible sources have become exhausted, or even when their yield has considerably lessened.

The coal of England may last a century or two; the coal in other parts of the globe may supply our cellars for a few centuries more, but the exhaustion of this truly marvellous product is proceeding at an accelerated pace. Doubtless the end

of the coal, at least as an article of a mighty commerce, will arrive within a period brief in comparison with the ages of human existence. In the history of humanity from first to last the few centuries through which we are now passing will stand out prominently as the coal-burning period.

It is a noteworthy fact that the possibility of the continued existence of the human race depends fundamentally upon the question of heat. If heat, or what is equivalent to heat, does not last, then man cannot last either. There is no shirking this plain truism. It is therefore necessary to review carefully the possible sources of heat and see how far they can be relied upon to provide a continuous supply.

Of course it is obvious that the available heat generally comes from the sun. It may be used directly, or it may be and often it is used indirectly, for nothing can be more certain than that it is sun heat in a modified form which radiates from a coal fire in the drawing-room or from a log fire in the backwoods. As the sun shines on the growing vegetation, the leaves extract the warmth from the sunbeams. The organism wants carbon, and to obtain it decomposes the carbonic acid gas of which a certain proportion is always present in the air. To decompose this gas requires the expenditure of heat or of what is equivalent to heat. But this does not show itself in raising the temperature of the carbon and oxygen after they have been dissociated. Their temperature may be no higher than was that of the carbonic acid from which they have come, but the heat has been expended in the process of forcing the several molecules asunder from the close and intimate union of their combined condition.

As the growing plant must have carbon, it draws that carbon from the atmosphere, and the heat that is required to affect the decomposition of the carbonic acid is obtained from sunbeams. When the carbon thus derived by the plant comes ultimately to be burned it reunites with the oxygen of the air, and in the act of doing so evolves an amount of heat precisely equivalent to that which was absorbed from the sunbeams. Thus it is that the heat now radiating from our fireplaces has at some time previously been transmitted to the earth from the sun. If it be timber that we are burning, then we are using the sunbeams that have shone on the earth within a few decades. If it be coal, then we are retransforming to heat the solar



energy which arrived at the earth millions of years ago.

The question as to the continued existence of man on this globe resolves itself eventually into an investigation as to the permanence of the heat supply. Doubtless human life requires many other conditions, but of this we may feel assured, that if the heat fail and if nothing else be forthcoming which can be transformed into heat, then most assuredly from this cause alone there is a term to human existence. Before discussing the prospect of the duration of sunbeams we may first consider a few other less important sources of heat. So far as the coal goes, we have already observed that as it is limited in quantity it can offer no perennial supply. Doubtless there is in the earth some quantity of other materials capable of oxidation, or of undergoing other chemical change; in the course of which and as an incident of such change heat is evolved. The amount of heat that can possibly arise from such sources is strictly limited. There is in the entire earth just a certain number of units of heat possible from such chemical combinations, but after the combination has been effected there cannot be any more heat from this source.

Then as to the internal heat of the earth due to the incandescent state of its interior. Here there is no doubt a large store of energy, but still it is of limited quantity, and it is also on the wane. This heat is occasionally copiously liberated by volcanoes, but ordinarily the transit of heat from the interior to the surface and its discharge from thence by radiation is a slow process. It is however sufficient for our present purpose to observe that slow though the escape may be, it is incessantly going on. There is only a definite number of units of heat contained in the interior of the earth at this moment, and as they are gradually diminishing, and as there is no source from whence the loss can be replenished, there is here no supply of warmth that can be relied on permanently. It must also be mentioned that there exists another store of energy which under certain conditions admits of being transformed into heat. I allude to the energy which the earth possesses in virtue of its rapid rotation on its axis. In this respect we may liken our globe to a mighty fly-wheel which contains a certain quantity of energy that must be poured forth as its speed is reduced. It is the action of the tides which enables this form of earth energy to be transformed into heat. The tides check the speed with

which the earth rotates. The energy thus lost must in part at least be transformed into heat which is then again lost by radiation into space. Of course the quantity of energy which the earth possesses by reason of its rotation is of limited amount, and it is steadily being dissipated just as the internal heat is being lost and just as the potential heat that exists in consequence of unsatisfied chemical attraction is also declining. It seems that whenever the tides shall have so checked the earth that it only rotates at half its present speed, the quantity of the energy now existing in consequence of the rotation will have been reduced to a fourth of its present value.

Next as to the various forms in which sun heat is received. We have already referred to the mode in which it is captured by growing plants. There is also another indirect method in which the sun heat is made to provide energy useful to man. The waterfall which turns the mill-wheel is of course really efficient because the water is running down, and it can only run down because it has first been raised up. This raising is accomplished by sunbeams. They beat down on the wide expanse of the great oceans, there they evaporate the water and the vapor soars aloft into the heights of the atmosphere where it forms clouds. It is of course the solar energy that has performed this task of lifting, and as the rain descends it becomes collected into the streams and rivers which on their way to the sea are made to turn the waterwheels. In like manner it is of course the action of the sun which sets in motion great volumes of air to form the winds, so that when we employ windmills to grind our corn we are utilizing energy diffused from the sun.

It goes without saying that the welfare of the human race is necessarily connected with the continuance of the sun's beneficent action. We have indeed shown that the few other direct or indirect sources of heat which might conceivably be relied upon are in the very nature of things devoid of the necessary permanence. It becomes therefore of the utmost interest to inquire whether the sun's heat can be calculated on indefinitely. Here is indeed a subject which is literally of the most vital importance so far as organic life is concerned. If the sun ever ceases to shine, then must it be certain that there is a term beyond which human existence, or indeed, organic existence of any type whatever, cannot any longer endure on the earth.

We may say once for all that the sun contains just a certain number of units of heat actual or potential, and that he is at the present moment shedding that heat around with the most appalling extravagance. No doubt the heat-board of the sun is so tremendous that the consequences of his mighty profusion do not become speedily apparent. They are indeed, it must be admitted, hardly to be discerned within the few brief centuries that the sun has been submitted to human observation. But we have grounds for knowing as a certainty that the sun cannot escape from the destiny that sooner or later overtakes the spendthrift. In his interesting studies of this subject, Professor Langley gives a striking illustration of the rate at which the solar heat is being squandered at this moment. He remarks that the great coal-fields of Pennsylvania contain enough of the precious mineral to supply the wants of the United States for a thousand years. If all that tremendous accumulation of fuel were to be extracted and burned in one vast conflagration, the total quantity of heat that would be produced would no doubt be stupendous, and yet, says this authority who has taught us so much about the sun, all the heat developed by that terrific coal fire would not be equal to that which the sun pours forth in the thousandth part of each single second. When we reflect that this expenditure of heat has been going on not alone for the centuries during which the earth has been the abode of man, but also for those periods which we cannot estimate, except by saying that they are doubtless millions of years during which there has been life on the globe, then indeed we begin to comprehend how vast must have been the capital of heat with which the sun started on its career.

But now for the question, of supreme importance so far as organic life is concerned, as to the possibility of the indefinite duration of the sun as a source of radiant energy. It may indeed be urged that there is no apparent decline in the warmth of the sun and the brilliancy of the light that he diffuses. There is no reason to think from any historical evidence, or indeed from any evidence whatever, that there is the slightest measurable difference between the radiance of the sun that was shed on the inhabitants of ancient Greece and the radiance that still falls on the same classic soil. So far as our knowledge goes, the plants that now grow on the hills and plains of Greece are the same as the plants which grew on the

same hills and plains two thousand years ago. It is, of course, true that the significance of the argument is affected by the circumstance that organisms by the influence of natural selection can preserve a continuous adaptation to an environment which is gradually becoming modified. The olive grows in Greece now, and a tree called by the same name grew there a couple of thousand years ago. I do not suppose that any one is likely to doubt that the ancient olive and the modern olive are at all events so far alike that plants identical in every respect with the olive of ancient times could flourish where the modern olive now abounds. That there have been great climatic vicissitudes in times past is of course clearly shown by the records of the rocks. It is almost certain that astronomical causes have been largely concerned in the production of these changes, but from among these causes we may exclude the variations in the sun's heat. There does not seem to be the least reason to suppose that any alteration in the rate at which the sun diffuses heat has been a cause of the vicissitudes of climates which the earth has certainly undergone within geological times.

And yet we feel certain that the incessant radiation from the sun must be producing a profound effect on its stores of energy. The only way of reconciling this with the total absence of evidence of the expected changes is to be found in the supposition that such is the mighty mass of the sun, such the prodigious supply of heat, or what is equivalent to heat that it contains, that the grand transformation through which it is passing proceeds at a rate so slow that, during the ages accessible to our observations, the results achieved have been imperceptible. Think of a sphere the size of the earth. Would it be possible to detect the curvature of a portion of its equator a yard in length? To our senses, nay, even to our most refined measurements, such a line, though indeed a portion of a circular arc, would be indistinguishable from a straight line. So is it with the solar radiation. To our ephemeral glance it appears to be quite uniform; we can only study a very minute part of the whole series of changes, so that we are as little able to detect the want of uniformity as we should be to detect the departure from a straight line of the arc of a circle which we have given as an illustration.

We cannot, however, attribute to the sun any miraculous power of generating

heat. That great body cannot disobey those laws which we have learned from experiments in our laboratories. Of course no one now doubts that the great law of the conservation of energy holds good. We do not in the least believe that because the sun's heat is radiated away in such profusion that it is therefore entirely lost. It travels off no doubt to the depths of space, and as to what may become of it there we have no information. Everything we know points to the law that energy is as indestructible as matter itself. The heat scattered from the sun exists at least as ethereal vibration if in no other form. But it is most assuredly true that this energy so copiously dispensed is lost to our solar system. There is no form in which it is returned, or in which it can be returned. The energy of the system is as surely declining as the energy of the clock declines according as the weight runs down. In the clock, however, the energy is restored by winding up the weight, but there is no analogous process known in our system.

It was long a mystery how the sun was able to retain its heat so as to continually supply its prodigious rate of expenditure. The suppositions that would most naturally occur were shown to be utterly insufficient. We know that a great iron casting often takes many hours to grow cold after it has been drawn from the mould. If the casting be a sufficiently large one, the cooling will proceed so slowly that it will not get cold for days because the tardiness of cooling increases with the dimensions of the body. It was not, perhaps, unnatural to suppose that as the sun was so vast the process of cooling would proceed with such extreme slowness that notwithstanding the quantity of heat poured out every second, the annual amount of loss would be so small relatively to the whole store that the effect of that loss would be imperceptible in such periods as those over which our knowledge extends. This supposition, however plausible, is speedily demolished when brought to the test by which all such questions must be decided—the test of actual calculation. We can determine with all needful accuracy the store of heat that the sun would contain if regarded merely as a white-hot, solid globe. When we apply the known annual loss, we see at once that if the sun had merely the simple constitution here supposed, the annual expenditure would bear such a considerable proportion to the total supply that the effect of the loss would become speedily

apparent. It is certain that the sun must under such circumstances fall some degrees in temperature each year. In a couple of thousand years the change in temperature would be sufficiently great to affect in the profoundest manner the supply of sunbeams. As, however, we know that for a couple of thousand years, or, indeed, for periods much longer still, there has been no perceptible decrease in the volume of solar radiations, we conclude that the great luminary cannot be regarded merely as a glowing solid globe dispensing its heat by radiation. There is another supposition as to the continuance of sun heat which must be mentioned only, however, to be dismissed as quite incapable of offering any solution of the problem. As we generate heat here so largely by the combination of fuel, it has been sometimes thought that a similar process may be in progress on the sun. It has been supposed that elements capable and desirous of chemical union may exist in the sun in such profusion that by their entering into association a quantity of heat is liberated sufficient to account for the continuous dispersal by radiation. Here, again, the test must be applied which is decisive of such pretensions. It may certainly be the case that chemical actions of one kind or another are going on in the sun, and among them are doubtless some of such a character that they evolve heat. But we happen to know exactly how much heat can be evolved by the action of specified quantities of elementary bodies by whose union heat is generated. It appears clear from the figures that chemical action is a wholly inadequate method of accounting for solar radiation. To take one instance, we may mention that if the sun had been a globe of white-hot carbon, and if there had been a sufficient supply of oxygen to effect its combustion, the total heat generated by the entire mass would not supply the solar radiation for the period that has elapsed since the building of the pyramids. It is, therefore, clear that the supposition that the sun is a burning globe, like the supposition of the sun as a cooling solid globe, is quite inadequate to explain the marvellous persistence with which, for countless ages, the orb of day has distributed its beams.

There is another supposition which, though not itself providing the explanation that we are searching for, still points so far in that direction that I have kept it till the last. It has been sometimes suggested that the dashing of meteoric matter into the sun from outside may afford

the requisite supply of energy. There can be no doubt that the plunge of a meteor into the sun's atmosphere with the terrific velocity which it will necessarily acquire in consequence of the attraction of the sun, is accompanied by the transformation of the energy of the meteor's movement into light and heat. The quantity of energy that a meteor thus carries with it is so vast that it is hardly credible until the figures which express it and the grounds on which they are based have received due attention. Let us think of a meteor which is moving, as such bodies do when near the earth, with a speed perhaps a hundred times as great as that of a bullet from a rifle, or even from one of the most finished pieces of artillery. The energy of the meteor, depending as it does upon the square of the velocity, will be, therefore, about ten thousand times that of the bullet of the same size. It seems that the energy thus possessed by a meteor one pound in weight is as much as could be developed by the explosion of a ton weight of gunpowder. Doubtless, in the vicinity of the sun, the meteors are more numerous, and they move with a higher velocity than the meteors near the earth. It is therefore plain that the quantity of energy contributed to the sun from this source must be large in amount. It can, however, be shown that there are not enough meteors in existence to supply a sufficient quantity of heat to the sun to compensate the loss by radiation. The indraught of meteoric matter may indeed certainly tend in some small degree to retard the ultimate cooling of the great luminary, but its effect is so small that we can quite afford to overlook it from the point of view that we are taking in this paper.

It is to Helmholtz we are indebted for the true solution of the long-vexed problem. He has demonstrated, in the clearest manner, where the source of the sun's heat lies. It depends upon a cause that, at the first glance, would seem an insignificant one, but which the arithmetical test, that is so essential, at once raises to a position of the greatest importance. It is sufficiently obvious that the sun is in no sense to be regarded as a solid body. It seems very unlikely that there can be throughout its entire extent any portion which possesses the properties of a solid; certainly those exterior parts of the sun which are all that are accessible to our observation are anything but solid; they are vast volumes of luminous material floating in gases of a much less luminous

nature. The openings between the clouds form the spots, while the mighty projections which leap from the sun's surface testify in the most emphatic manner to the gaseous or vaporous character of the outer parts of the great luminary. A gaseous globe like the sun when it parts with its heat observes laws of a very different type from those which a cooling solid follows. As the heat disappears by radiation the body contracts; the gaseous object, however, decreases in general much more than a solid body would do for the same loss of heat. This is connected with a striking difference between the manner in which the two bodies change in temperature. The solid, as it loses heat, also loses temperature; the gas, on the other hand, does not necessarily lose temperature even though it is losing heat. Indeed, it may happen that the very fact that the gaseous globe is losing heat may be the cause of its actually gaining in temperature and becoming hotter. This seems a paradox at the first glance, but it will be found not to be so when due attention is paid to the different notions that belong to the words heat and temperature. The globe of gas unquestionably radiates heat and loses it, and the globe, in consequence of that loss, shrinks to a smaller size. The heat, or what is equivalent to heat, that is left in the globe, is exhibited in a body of reduced dimensions, and in that smaller body the heat shows to such advantage that the globe actually exhibits a temperature hotter than before the loss of heat took place. In the facts just mentioned we have an explanation of the sustained heat of the sun. Of course we cannot assume that in our calculations the sun is to be treated as if it were gaseous throughout its entire mass, but it approximates so largely to the gaseous state in the greater part of its bulk that we can feel no hesitation in adopting the belief that the true cause has been found. To justify the adequacy of this method of explaining the facts I may mention the following result of a calculation. If the sun were to lose sufficient heat to enable it to shrink in its diameter by one ten-thousandth part of its present amount, the quantity of heat that would be available in consequence of this contraction would suffice to provide the entire radiation for a period of two thousand years. Such a diminution of the sun's bulk would be altogether too small to be perceptible by the most refined measurements that we can make in the observatory. Hence we are able to understand how the prodigious

radiation of the sun during all the centuries of history can be accounted for without any alteration in the dimensions of the great luminary having yet become appreciable.

But there is a boundary to the prospect of the continuance of the sun's radiation. Of course, as the loss of heat goes on, the gaseous parts will turn into liquids, and as the process is still further protracted, the liquids will transform into solids. Thus we look forward to a time when the radiation of the sun can be no longer conducted in conformity with the laws which dictate the loss of heat from a gaseous body. When this state is reached the sun may, no doubt, be an incandescent solid with a brilliance as great as is compatible with that condition, but the further loss of heat will then involve loss of temperature. At the present time the body may be so far gaseous that the temperature of the sun remains absolutely constant. It may even be the case that the temperature of the sun, notwithstanding the undoubted loss of heat, is absolutely rising. It is, however, incontrovertible that a certain maximum temperature having been reached (whether we have yet reached it or not we do not know), temperature will then necessarily decline. There is certainly no doubt whatever that the sun, which is now losing heat, even if not actually falling in temperature, must, at some time, begin to lose its temperature. Then, of course, its capacity for radiating heat will begin to abate. The heat received by the earth from the great centre of our system must, of course, decline. There seems no escape from the conclusion that the continuous loss of solar heat must still go on, so that the sun will pass through the various stages of brilliant incandescence, of glowing redness, of dull redness, until it ultimately becomes a dark and non-luminous star. In this final state the sun will literally join the majority. Every analogy would teach us that the dark and non-luminous bodies in the universe are far more numerous than the brilliant suns. We can never see the dark objects, we can discern their presence only indirectly. All the stars that we can see are merely those bodies which at this epoch of their career happen for the time to be so highly heated as to be luminous.

There is thus a distinct limit to man's existence on the earth, dictated by the ultimate exhaustion of the sun. It is, of course, a question of much interest for us to speculate on the probable duration of the sun's beams in sufficient abundance

for the continued maintenance of life. Perhaps the most reliable determinations are those which have been made by Professor Langley. They are based on his own experiments upon the intensity of solar radiation, conducted under circumstances that give them special value. I shall endeavor to give a summary of the interesting results at which he has arrived.

The utmost amount of heat that it would ever have been possible for the sun to have contained would supply its radiation for eighteen million years at the present rate. Of course, this does not assert that the sun, as a radiant body, may not be much older than the period named. We have already seen that the rate at which sunbeams are poured forth has gradually increased as the sun rose in temperature. In the early times the quantity of sunbeams dispensed was much less per annum than at present, and it is, therefore, quite possible that the figures may be so enlarged as to meet the requirements of any reasonable geological demand with regard to past duration of life on the earth.

It seems that the sun has already dissipated about four-fifths of the energy with which it may have originally been endowed. At all events, it seems that, radiating energy at its present rate, the sun may hold out for four million years, or for five million years, but not for ten million years. Here then we discern in the remote future a limit to the duration of life on this globe. We have seen that it does not seem possible for any other source of heat to be available for replenishing the waning stores of the luminary. It may be that the heat was originally imparted to the sun as the result of some great collision between two bodies which were both dark before the collision took place, so that, in fact, the two dark masses coalesced into a vast nebula from which the whole of our system has been evolved. Of course, it is always conceivable that the sun may be reinvigorated by a repetition of a similar startling process. It is, however, hardly necessary to observe that so terrific a convulsion would be fatal to life in the solar system. Neither from the heavens above, nor from the earth beneath, does it seem possible to discover any rescue for the human race from the inevitable end. The race is as mortal as the individual, and, so far as we know, its span cannot under any circumstances be run out beyond a number of millions of years which can certainly be told on the fingers of both hands, and probably on the fingers of one.

ROBERT S. BALL.



From Belgravia.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

BY EMILIA AYLMER GOWING.

THIS man was a poet of nature, a true son of the immortals, born for his sorrow into the false and pretentious eighteenth century; the spirit in him was kindred to that of his contemporary, Burns; he was alike large-hearted, of a temperament as keen to enjoy every pleasure of the senses, yet without the excess into which the great Scotchman was betrayed. A scorner of "religion" as understood by degenerate, formal Churchmen, the pure faith of a Christian was his very breath of life. Despite his freedom of question, his wildness of speculation, he wrote his "happy songs," of love and trust in "The Lamb," the giver and sustainer of life, such as "every child may joy to hear."

This wonderful man, a fierce and tireless worker, as painter, engraver, and writer, will keep his grasp upon posterity mainly through his shorter poems, some few thousand lines which no regular publisher would touch—so long as he lived. They date from his twelfth year till the zenith of his manhood; they were the only luxury of a hard existence that never knew the taste of repose. The poet's passion of immortal longings was crushed out of him with the grey, cold years, by the grips of poverty and the patron's cold discouragement.

Of whom he inherited his rich and varied powers we know nothing. The good old English name he bore descended to him from a small tradesman, a hosier established hard by Golden Square, a locality of good repute in those days, at 28 Broad Street. Here William Blake was born, on the 20th November, 1757. There were four other children, sufficient bread and house-room, but scant provision for book learning. William was taught to read and write; that was all.

With little occupation at home, he went out into the streets, for change, and soon learned to roam far afield over Westminster Bridge and on towards Dulwich, Norwood, and the attractive borders of the Thames. Many a quaint old English cottage, rose-trailed or bowered in honeysuckle and clematis, must have touched the artist's instinct in the child's quick eye; many a delicious lane and bye-path must have opened its hidden treasures of rich scent and grand coloring to the budding fancy of the poet that should be; many a day-dream he must have dreamed

beside the charmed river, by shady backwater or full, broad rush of swelling tide, a lingerer in scenes whose beauty was in those days a sealed book to fashion and fame.

In his ninth or tenth year, this strange, solitary boy saw his first vision of angels, by lovely Dulwich Hill. Suddenly, in his walk, he lifted his eyes, and saw a tree filled with their bright wings, shining like stars through every bough. Coming home, he gravely told his waking dream to a practical father, and narrowly escaped a whipping for the lie. His mother's pleading saved him from the infliction, but the moral smart remained; he was punished for the divine gift that was in him, the very essence of his life. As a man, he grew up and lived in close communion with a higher world, a spiritual seer, blind and deaf to the laws and reasonings of common clay.

By rare good fortune, his father was early made sensible of the fact that the child was an artist born. He copied everything he saw, in nature, or on the walls, in every collection to which access could be found for him, helped not hindered by his work-a-day parents. Small sums of pocket-money were generously bestowed, and spent to the last penny for engravings after Raphael—known to him from childhood—Michael Angelo, Albert Durer, so close akin to himself, and others of the first greatest masters of design and color; none less could content the critical sense of the "little connoisseur."

By and by a teacher was sought for him. At ten years old he was "put to Mr. Pars's drawing-school in the Strand," the accepted training-ground for young artists, where he was duly taught to draw plaster casts, after the antique, but no living models.

About this time he began to write irregular, defective verse, but full of broken music and immature promise. As early as his fourteenth year he produced a song, singularly free from those crude defects that never quite left his hasty pen, and rich and sweet with nature's own cunning, like a strain of Herrick or Theocritus:—

How sweet I roamed from field to field,  
And tasted all the summer's pride,  
Till I the prince of love beheld  
Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed me lilies for my hair,  
And blushing roses for my brow;  
He led me through his garden fair,  
Where all his golden pleasures grow.



With sweet may-dews my wings were wet,  
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;  
He caught me in his silken net,  
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,  
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;  
Then stretches out my golden wing,  
And mocks my loss of liberty.

After four years' tuition from Mr. Pars, Blake was bound apprentice to an engraver named Busire, in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. This step was adopted for him as the only way to secure his bread. Engraving was sure of pay as a marketable craft; the higher art of painting spelt starvation, except to a fashionable few, who gained their thousands by portrait work. No other English school of art was recognized in those days. "The old masters" were all in all. Access to the one outlet for native genius could only be furnished to young ambition through golden keys — that is, by a large premium paid to some eminent artist for instruction in his own house. This was beyond the hosier's narrow means, so the boy had to be content with the humble substitute of a journeyman engraver.

Busire was a sound but not very lucky choice. His style was hard and old-fashioned, and lacked the grace and charm to which Bartolozzi and others had educated the popular eye. Blake grew perfect, by sedulous practice, in all the mechanical correctness his tutor could convey. The firm, bold outline on which he always set much pride, the masterly touches that dug their meaning, rough but powerful, with every trace of the graver, grew readily under the well-broken fingers; the living soul quickened the cold vehicle with its intensity and fire, but the form still lacked the indefinable something that can catch the common observation, and Blake remained to the end of his days, an artist for the cultured few only, a hired mechanic to the ignorant many.

He had missed his chance of better fortunes by his own too keen perception or "second sight." When brought by his father in the first instance to one Ryland, an engraver of far higher genius than Busire:—

"Father," said the boy, as the two left the studio, "I do not like the man's face; it looks as if he will live to be hanged." And so he did, twelve years afterwards, for forgery, after the barbarous law of those bad old days.

Busire had other apprentices, troublesome to deal with. He said of Blake: "He was too simple and they too cun-

ning," and like a judicious master, separated him from their company by sending him to draw the monuments in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere, for a series of engravings ordered by Gough, an antiquary. Blake could be trusted to go about alone, doing this work faithfully for several years; thus he acquired much skill, and an educated taste of a very unusual kind.

His next studio, on concluding his apprenticeship, at the age of twenty-one, was the newly formed Royal Academy, then in an inchoate, unsatisfactory state. He commenced in the antique school, under its first keeper, one Mr. Moser, a venerable teacher, who deprecated the study of prints after Raphael or Michael Angelo as "old, hard, stiff, and dry," unfinished works of art. The lighter style of Le Brun and Rubens was his ideal. Blake characteristically records the circumstances, and notes: "How did I secretly rage? I also spoke my mind." No doubt he did that time, and perhaps once too often in the course of his strange and chequered life.

His training, under such a guide, remained defective and wayward. He never could endure oils, but stuck to his pet paradox, maintaining that all the best works were in water color.

Neither did he take very kindly to copying from life. "Nature puts me out," he would declare, and never painted his pictures from models. He would only copy to learn the language of art, to be remembered by the painter as a poet remembers spoken language. He chose to work afterwards upon the ideal of his own fancy — a bright reflection, based on actuality, as the planet's light is evolved from its earthen frame by the golden kiss of the sun.

After a few years, Blake, having attained to a way of living by engraver's task work, came to the time of love and marriage. His choice fell, after the wont of struggling genius, rather beneath him — in worldly account — on a simple girl, named Catherine Sophia Boucher, daughter of some obscure folk living in Battersea, who could not write her own name, but left "her mark" upon the register of her parish. Her name and surname stand incorrectly filled in by another hand on behalf of the illiterate bride. But her charms were many. Very young and innocent, with a capacity far above the average of her sex — a disposition to be ruled by love. She was no less beautiful than she was good; her dark hair, brilliant black eyes, and tall, lithe form, satisfied the artist's eye, while the noble, loving

nature captivated his heart. They were married on a Sunday, August 18th, 1782. Unlike most such unions of ambition and humility, this proved happy. Catherine could have assumed the very language of Portia:—

The full sum of me

Is an unlesioned girl, unschooled, unpractised,  
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
 But she may learn; and happier than this,  
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn;  
 Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit  
 Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Eminently teachable and retentive, she rose by degrees to her husband's level, and grew wise enough to hold her own on equal terms with rare tact no less than unalterable affection. Through their long and chequered days of struggle and grinding poverty, under the cold shadow of the world's neglect, she never sank into the mere household drudge, but proved herself a true helpmeet, sharing her husband's higher life and having part in the labors and aspirations that consumed him to the last.

When the courtship of a year or two culminated in early marriage, the scarcely prudent pair did not build their nest under the hosier's paternal rafters. They migrated to lodgings in Green Street, Leicester Fields, thereafter to be the "square," so much affected by immigrants from sunnier lands than ours. Among his studio friends, Blake was so fortunate as to count the sculptor, Flaxman, and was by him introduced, about this time, at a friendly and sympathetic house, the host being the Rev. Henry Mathews, a popular preacher at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and his wife an elegant woman and accomplished Greek scholar. Both were Flaxman's earliest discoverers and protectors, and on his word, Blake was taken into the charmed circle of the most cultured society then existing in London. They were a quasi-fashionable, wholly "aesthetic" species of art fanciers, as the craze—not the phrase—flourished at that time. We can conceive the terms on which the young genius was made free of their social gatherings, without a bride whom he could not afford to dress; charming them by reading and singing his songs, set, of his own wit, to natural music, often singularly beautiful, which he had no skill to note except by ear. Occasionally, some musical light of the circle would take them down. So deeply was the hostess stirred by his poetic recitals that she prevailed

upon her husband to go halves with the devoted Flaxman in the cost of printing a small book of lyrics in seventy-four pages, octavo, entitled "Poetical Sketches, by W. B., printed in the year 1783."

It was very ill done, apparently without revision by the author or any intelligent reader; the punctuation left to the printer's own sweet will, who judiciously withheld his name from possible publicity. This accomplished, the small edition was offered to Blake, to put into circulation as best he could. It was never published; some copies probably were sold to friends, and a very few are yet preserved—not one in the British Museum.

These youthful verses date from the author's twelfth to his twentieth year. In form, they are among his best. The boy-poet poured them forth from a spirit fed by such reading as the lyrical books of the Old Testament, Shakespeare's poems and sonnets—then rarely studied—as well as his plays, Spenser, and other great Elizabethans, Percy's "Reliques," a revelation of old English word-music, new and strange to that formal age, and perhaps Collins. Once a man, the working engraver found less leisure to bring to perfection the flower and rich fruit of his imagination most dear to his creative soul. In these early gems of song he seemed to have caught the very tone of nature and truth, so long lost by modish English bards. His grasp and hold on the human heart belonged to the unchangeable art that lives.

Besides the song already given as a marvellous effort for a boy of fourteen, we may instance as masterpieces of their kind "My Silks and Fine Array," "Love and Harmony Combine," "I Love the Jocund Dance," "The Mad Song"—disfigured by two impossible rhymes—"dawn" and "scorn," "vault" and "fraught"—the lovely invocation "To the Muses," "To the Evening Star," and "To Spring," "Summer," and "Autumn." Such songs as these, any true poet would endure much sorrow to call his own. Nor can we pass over the fragment of a historical play, "Edward III." Here, the Black Prince and his knightly fellows seem to have drawn anew the breath of life from some spirit akin to Shakespeare's own.

We can well imagine how, between a poet of such mettle and the small public of Mrs. Mathews's drawing-room, a coolness gradually sprang and developed; how his visits in that quarter became fewer and farther between, till he dropped

out of the polished circle altogether. "A mental prince," as he felt and claimed to be, Blake was but indifferently equipped with a stock of patience and submission to the whims of others, while boldly assertive of his own; a glance at his physical attributes will proclaim him one neither difficult nor pleasant to quarrel with. The great, powerful forehead, persistent nose, emotional mouth, and keen, passionate lips were not to be trifled with; his small stature betokened no laggard indifference, even when dispute ripened into blows — as more than one event in his life made manifest. There were times and occasions when he could fall out with his dearest friend. During the early years of marriage his young wife's love had to endure many a hard ordeal. They seriously disagreed, and his will subdued her to inferiority, where the true bond of union requires equal though differing rights. In the course of his struggles for a better means of living, Blake set up shop as a printseller and engraver, his wife helping him behind the counter, while he worked on for his bread and his art, engraving, designing, and sending water-color pictures to the Academy Exhibition. His younger brother, Robert, was taken in as assistant and pupil. One day the brother and the wife had a difference; the lady lost her temper and spoke her mind with too little reserve. The husband sided against her with his own kin, rose, and spoke the harsh command: —

"Kneel down and beg Robert's pardon directly, or you never see my face again."

The poor girl obeyed, woman-like, enslaved by her love, though thinking it very hard to beg pardon when she was not in fault. But when the submissive wife did say, upon her knees: —

"Robert, I beg your pardon, I am in the wrong," the brother, more just than the husband, bluntly spoke the truth: —

"Young woman, you lie; I am in the wrong."

What would have happened had she dared to revolt against such marital tyranny? She is reported to have done so, on graver provocation, and to have carried the day against her whimsical spouse.

It has been said, her strange yoke-fellow took the monstrous notion into his mind of adding a second "wife" to his family of two. Met by tears and reproaches within, and strong remonstrances out of doors, the project, jest or earnest, was dropped, before more harm ensued than the suspicion of a slur upon the name Blake was to leave behind. Who shall

say what any human being will not attempt in some wild moment? Probably the idea was a mere freak of fancy, or, at worst, the desire for some change of female society under the narrow roof, more dangerous to domestic peace than the young brother's had been. Two little poems afford the only color of corroborative evidence existing, and provide rather too slender a clue to seriously discredit their author with bigamous intentions sufficiently formal to brand him as one of the "gross band of the unfaithful."

#### IN A MYRTLE SHADE.

To a lovely myrtle bound,  
Blossoms showering all around,  
Oh, how weak and weary I  
Underneath my myrtle lie.

Why should I be bound to thee,  
O my lovely myrtle tree?  
Love, free love, cannot be bound  
To any tree that grows on ground.

So chafes a man in his slippery youth,  
not knowing when it is well with him.  
Resistance taught a lesson, as these more subdued rhymes tell: —

#### MY PRETTY ROSE TREE.

A flower was offered to me,  
Such a flower as May never bore;  
But I said, I've a pretty rose tree,  
And I passed the sweet flower o'er.  
Then I went to my pretty rose tree,  
To tend her by day and by night;  
But my rose turned away with jealousy,  
And her thorns were my only delight.

These aberrations notwithstanding, no hunting after new fancies led to unkindness such as could exhaust the wife's patience and devotion. This curious episode must have occurred some time after the loved brother, having shared the connubial home for a few years, was removed by death. Blake's affection to this youth was more like the strong bond of chosen friend to friend than the common tie of blood. For fourteen days and nights he watched by the dying bed, until he saw, with the seer's vision, the spirit rise from the body and pass up towards heaven through the low ceiling, "clapping its hands for joy." Ever afterwards, he claimed to hold communion with the kindred soul departed, and he ascribed to a revelation from his lost brother the invention of his own special process of engraving his songs, framed in exquisite colored designs. This was his expedient or inspiration, for the production of farther poetic works, when without credit or interest with any publisher to give them to the world. Early one morning, at his bidding, his Kate went

out with their last half-crown, to buy the simple materials he required. This was the beginning of their long labors together, upon sweet poems and dreamy imaginations of "prophecy," engraved in relief on copper, with borders and illustrations of most lovely and wondrous forms of flower and leaf, bird, insect, sea and sky, strange reptile, or divine human shape, or flame of supernatural fire. All was produced on the book-page in a sort of color printing, and was finished off by hand; his Kate proved an apt pupil for the work. Thus were brought out several volumes, sold at more or less fancy prices, amongst the small circle of Blake's appreciators. This brought some measure of daily bread and reputation to the man and woman, during their lives, and left an enduring record to future times.

"Songs of Innocence. The author and printer, W. Blake, 1789," the first of the series, bore much the same character as his boyish poetical sketches; more natural in spirit, they retained the blemishes of form belonging to an imperfect technic training, that ever clung to the finest fruits of his genius. Their complement was given in the "Songs of Experience," engraved in 1794. This comprises, amongst many gems, the earlier version of "The Tiger," a glorious lyric—according to that true poet-soul, Charles Lamb; but this was far excelled by the later reading given to the world along with many posthumous poems, in Gilchrist's comprehensive "Life of William Blake," in 1863.

#### THE TIGER.

(Second Version.)

Tiger, tiger, burning bright,  
In the forest of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burned that fire within thine eyes?  
On what wings dared he aspire?  
What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
When thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,  
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?  
What the anvil? What dread grasp  
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile his work to see?  
Did He who made the Lamb, make thee?

Within the same year as the "Songs of Innocence" appeared, after Blake's new mode of publication, "The Book of Thel," the first of his "Books of Prophecy." It is written in a measure of his own device, unrhymed verse of fourteen syllables. A tender, mystical allegory, showing the frail, despairing creature, Humanity, as embodied in the virgin Thel, the youngest daughter of the seraphim. The flowers of the valley, the little rain-cloud, the clod of clay, the worm of the earth answer her tears with the voice of God's love, telling the great use and blessing of life that "lives not alone nor for itself," but all for all.

In the next year, 1790, came "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," another mystical book, in prose, broken by irregular, unrhymed verse, detached sentences, and "Proverbs of Hell," grains of wisdom—or folly—after the wont of such quaintness of human thought. Here and there break out gusts of humor in unexpected places, like the mocks of a crushed Titan at the injurious gods. The whole is grand and daring in conception; the illustrations, in splendor of coloring and originality of design, surpassing Blake's former works. The book may be taken as a dim, misty protest against the dead form of godliness on the one hand, and the opposite spirit of asceticism that rushes to extremes, condemning every natural instinct, and holding happiness as sin. Blake's Christian creed included the kindly dogma:—

That sweet love and beauty are worthy our care.

Every good gift of nature or grace being accepted by him as from above. This was according to his lights, which may sometimes have led him into bog or fen, like a child waking to watch the wonders of the heavens on a night of wandering fires that mix, indistinctly through the darkness, the meteor's flash across the skies with the coruscation of earthlier lights, bred from the base and tainted dews of mortality. On all things in heaven and earth, Blake thought out for himself the problems of life and death, hence his "madness" to the point of view of common men.

He was a born visionary, and, although "clothed and in his right mind," had his affectations to the contrary, loving any fashion of stumbling-block he could devise to trip up worldly hypocrisy by the heels. On the form of flesh, the vesture of the soul for glory and beauty, he looked with reverence and admiration as the master-piece

of the Maker's hand. Like all true artists, his eye for the nude was single and pure as the babe's, when the tiny hand presses life from the rounded breast. His faith was that what God was not ashamed to make could be innocently shown, unveiled, to the common eye — forgetting that we are no longer the children of paradise. Who could tell what was sin, he asked, in the eyes of the All-pure? and, no doubt, permitted himself a dangerous license of tongue and judgment, while his acts were the most blameless.

At last, a publisher was found daring enough to take the risk of a work of Blake's. A bookseller, named Johnson, of St. Paul's Churchyard, accepted "The French Revolution, a Poem in Seven Books," and actually produced "Book the First" at one shilling. No author's name — the subject being ticklish and sensational, unapt to improve Blake's business reputation, though promising in a popular sense. It failed to interest a nation intent upon the real drama enacting its fierce scenes of blood beyond the Channel, and the course of events so belied the poet's forecast as to bury the remaining books "deep as plummet sound" in the waters of oblivion.

No other writing of Blake's ever found acceptance in the trade. Johnson continued to employ him, as an engraver only, Blake remaining his own printer and publisher.

In 1793, Blake removed across Westminster Bridge to a cottage of his own, No. 13, Hercules Buildings, Lambeth. Here he had a small wainscotted parlor, and a slip of garden boasting a fine vine, which he suffered to run to waste, holding it wrong and unnatural to prune vines. Here, almost in the country, with glimpses over gardens towards Lambeth Palace and the river, he lived seven years of steady, rapid production. In May, 1793, appeared "The Gates of Paradise." Then "Visions of the Daughters of Albion," "America, a Prophecy," "Europe," "Urizen," "The Song of Los," "Ahania." Wild storms, with glints of matchless beauty and deep peace, revealed at intervals, amidst a waste of devastation.

All these waifs, tossed and submerged in the great sea of literature, are worth noticing by the earnest student of the poet and the man.

These were his recreations; the variety of work which constituted his sole rest during many years of incessant activity. The need or desire for a holiday of idleness, he could not understand.

In 1800, came a change of life from London to "sweet Felpham," a Sussex village by a sunny bay, enclosed on the east by the high cliff of Beachy Head, westwards by Selsea Bill, beyond which the Isle of Wight is distinctly visible. Here a somewhat romantic cottage by the sea, at the easy rent of £20, was occupied by the poet and his wife during three or four years — a very peculiar episode in their story. Another introduction of Flaxman's brought Blake once more within the uncongenial air of fashionable dilettantism. A squire of the name of Hayley sought his acquaintance through the friendly sculptor; a country gentleman by birth, self-styled "The Hermit of Eartham," who built and spent himself out of the ancestral seat, and wrote himself into contemporary reputation — with a small, high-class public. Having sold Eartham, and, by way of retrenchment, erected a "marine cottage," with embattled turrets, and other costly accessories, near Felpham, "that much respected hermit" developed another whim for the close propinquity of his "gentle, visionary Blake;" required mainly, as a skilled engraver, to take in hand the illustrations for Mr. Hayley's "poems," to be copied from designs by tamer artists, amateurs, or, it might be, Hayley himself. The well-bred poetaster, it is plain, discountenanced any verse-making by the born poet, on his own account, and even depreciated the original designs of his "excellent Blake." This was to come thereafter. For the moment, in the heat of their first friendship, patron and artist rushed together like the lips of ardent swain and blushing maid.

Blake came down to Felpham in simple faith, ready to be made happy, and thought he had passed through the golden gates of heaven, out of "the terrible desert of London," into the pure, bright nature he had worshipped from a boy, as a part of his own vital being. Work was pleasure in summer bower, or beneath "thatched roof of rusted gold." Celestial inhabitants were heard and seen in his cottage — the like of it never was in formed house of mortal builder's hand.

Gradually Blake's time was appropriated, for the most part by the literary squire to his own use in his own library, as amanuensis and reader, as well as engraver, engaged in the special labors of his craft under the gentle author's own eye, on the ornamentation of Hayley's thick-coming columns in prose or rhyme. The host, if hugely vain of a small talent, was nothing if not a gentleman, courteous,



kind, and considerate — according to his lights. He promoted Blake's material interests by pushing him into custom as a miniature painter amongst the rank and wealth of the county, besides employing him in the art-decoration of his own villa. Twenty heads in tempera were executed by Blake, and paid for, doubtless, as liberally as the patron's diminishing revenues would allow.

The wilful bard was wearying of the bonds of custom, sighing for the freedom of grimy, dingy London, amidst the wind-swept cornfields by the sea, and bowers of rural paradise, where he was not permitted to call his soul his own, where he was ever oppressed by well-meant, crushing kindness. The galling of the iron chain is betrayed very feelingly in Blake's correspondence with one of his most faithful patrons, Mr. Butts. In January, 1802, he wrote:—

My unhappiness has arisen from a source which, if explored too narrowly, might hurt my pecuniary circumstances; as my dependence is on engraving at present, and particularly on the engravings I have in hand for Mr. H., and I find on all hands great objections to my doing anything but the mere drudgery of business, and intimations that, if I do not confine myself to this, I shall not live—for that I cannot live without doing my duty to lay up treasures in heaven is certain and determined, and to this I have long made up my mind; and why this should be made an objection to me, while drunkenness, lewdness, gluttony, and even idleness itself, does not hurt other men, let Satan himself explain—I am not ashamed, afraid, or averse to tell you what ought to be told—that I am under the direction of messengers from Heaven, daily and nightly. But if we fear to do the dictates of our angels, and tremble at the tasks set before us; if we refuse to do spiritual acts because of natural fears or natural desires, who can describe the dismal torments of such a state? I too well remember the threats I have heard. If you, who are organized by Divine Providence for spiritual communion, refuse and bury your talent in the earth, even though you should want natural bread—sorrow and desperation pursue you through life, and after death, shame and confusion of face to eternity. You will be called the base Judas who betrayed his friend.

In July, 1803, he wrote:—

As to Mr. H., I feel myself at liberty to say as follows upon this ticklish subject. I regard fashion in poetry as little as I do in paintings. But Mr. H. approves of my designs as little as he does of my poems, and I have been forced to insist on his leaving me, in both, to my own self-will; for I am determined to be no longer pestered with his gen-

teel ignorance and polite disapprobation. I know myself both poet and painter, and it is not his affected contempt that can move me to anything but a more assiduous pursuit of both arts.

A tragi-comic incident led to the parting of friends and adieu to Felpham—just in time. One fine day in August, 1803, a private soldier in his Majesty's service was invited into the small cottage garden by a gardener at work therein—without Blake's knowledge. The master politely requested him to go; the red-coat behaved like an unruly demon in that Eden sacred to a poet and an Englishman. The latter laid hold of the blustering intruder from behind, by the elbows, and pushing the fellow before him, bodily put him out of the gate and down the road, by sheer force of will and the power of spirit over inert matter, the big bully all the while raging and cursing, and endeavoring to turn round and hit the small man. "I don't know how I did it, but I did it," was Blake's own version of the fracas.

The soldier, in revenge, got a comrade to stand by him on oath, charged Blake before a magistrate with seditious language against the king, and had him committed for trial on a charge of high treason at the quarter sessions at Chichester, on January 11th, 1804.

Friend Hayley stood by the poet like a man, went bail for him, engaged counsel, and gave evidence to character on the trial; this under some difficulty. He was suffering from a singular accident. His habit was to carry an open umbrella when taking horse exercise, a proceeding resented by the animal, which, on this occasion, had successfully pitched him on the head against a stone. Blake himself startled the court by calling out: "False, false," in a tone that bore conviction, when the two soldiers traduced him from the witness box. The "gentle visionary" was honorably acquitted; the court was filled with an uproar of triumph, "in defiance of all decency," as the local paper described the scene.

It was most fortunate that no compromising antecedents were known to the other side. Blake had been mixed up, as an innocent enthusiast, with a dangerous set of "advanced thinkers." He had actually warned the notorious Tom Paine in the very nick of time to put the silver streak between him and a halter. He had donned the red cap of liberty, and boldly promenaded the London streets so bonneted, dashing it off, later on, when "liberty" became the watchword for blood

— Blake, in his liberal tendencies, drew the line at murder. Mistaken in his associates, he was that rare example, in those days, the honest friend of the poor and suffering; his very mistakes on questions of the common weal were the outcome of a kindly heart that bled to see the weaker thrust to the wall.

That same spring Blake made his final choice, and rejected his opportunity of securing worldly rewards by vulgarizing his art to the painting of miniatures, hand-screens, and so forth, in houses of the great. He went back to his old life in London, and the Hayley friendship quietly succumbed to a painless extinction.

Two engraved "prophetic" books were produced in 1804. The first, "Jerusalem: The Emanation of the Giant Albion, Printed by W. Blake, South Moulton Street"—for in this specially house-bound local habitation the poet made his home for the next seventeen years. This was a large quarto volume, printed variously in plain black and white, or with blue ink or red. A few copies were hand-tinted, the price of these being twenty guineas. This and his next work, "Milton," were, according to the author, merely transcriptions, dictated by a spiritual revelation. Both are remarkable for a deep strain of earnest piety, adulterated with mystic, vain speculation on the incomprehensible.

The following year Blake found a more effectual patron and employer than the fanciful Hayley. An engraver known as R. H. Cromek took to speculating in prints and books, and as his first venture, acquired for twenty guineas the copyright of twelve original designs for an edition of Blair's "Grave," drawn by Blake on the (unwritten) condition that he should have the profit and credit of engraving them for the book, having thus parted with the right of reproducing and publishing them on his own account. A powerful art critic, Fuseli, wrote a high encomium on the designs, which was confirmed by written testimony under the hand of ten Academicians and their president, West. Queen Charlotte was induced to accept a poetical dedication of the book from Blake's pen. But Cromek's eye had the publisher's instinct to discern the public taste, and, having materially helped to push Blake's talent into notice, judiciously chose a more graceful and telling exponent of his ideas in the Italian engraver, Schiavonetti. It was done wisely, but not well; Blake being thrust out into the cold, without compensation, and his complaints met by

insults. Cromek actually boasted not only of having created and established Blake's reputation, but of bringing him food as well, and ended by the taunt, that when the designs were produced "you and Mrs. Blake were reduced so low as to be obliged to live on half a guinea a week."

This, for food, was their narrow limit for many a day—lodging costing about the same sum. Three pounds a week represented affluence, but it was very seldom attained.

Cromek's next move was to steal an idea from a pencil drawing of Blake's on a subject hitherto untouched, the procession of Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrims*. Seeing the sketch by chance, he offered to buy it, but Blake refused to sell, unless he were employed to engrave it. Cromek went to another painter, a friend of Blake's, Stothard, suggested the subject for an oil painting, and paid for, puffed, exhibited, and engraved the same with much profit. Blake, stung with natural wrath and emulation, resolved to show his work and "shame the fools" who preferred Stothard's. In May, 1809, the poet painter opened his own exhibition, on the first floor of the old home, 28 Broad Street, kindly placed at his disposition by his brother James, the hosier, who succeeded to the paternal inheritance.

The show was managed between the unsophisticated artist himself and the simple, old-world tradesman, his brother. It was puffed by a "descriptive catalogue," setting forth its contents with much denunciation of famous names and schools opposed to his own, also a "public address," strongly aggressive and envenomed by much rancor towards his personal rivals and detractors.

That the venture proved a gruesome failure goes without saying. Nevertheless, it was such a collection as, could it be brought together in our days, might rival the attraction of the Rossetti exhibition at Burlington House some years ago.

The "pictures, poetical and historical inventions painted by William Blake in water colors, being the ancient method of fresco painting revived," were grouped around the central motive of the enterprise, on the burning subject of Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrims*. With much anathema of oils, they were composed and executed in Blake's peculiar medium, arbitrarily styled "fresco," a base or mixture of carpenter's glue with water color. The method was not unknown to the Italians, but was specially revealed to Blake

in a vision by the holy carpenter, Saint Joseph.

"The Ancient Britons," one of Blake's noblest productions, and several pictures, experiments in color, with seven drawings of high merit, strongly marked by the artist's individuality, completed the list.

From this attempt dates the evil report that clung about Blake for the rest of his life; that he was mad.

The Canterbury Pilgrimage found a purchaser in Blake's old patron, Mr. Butts. Otherwise his effort brought little result. Years were creeping on, making gaps in the small circle who valued him at his worth, and once past his prime, new friends were few who could see him, not as he had prospered, but as he had deserved. Best of these was Linnell, a struggling painter of portraits for bread — of landscapes for fame — as yet in the uncertain hereafter. This fellow artist stuck close to Blake and his wife till the end.

"Though art is above either, the argument is better for affluence than poverty; and though he would not have been a great artist, yet he could have produced greater works of art, in proportion to his means." So Blake wrote feelingly of himself. He had ceased to engrave his own writings for the public; by this time his straitened living could no longer afford him the wherewithal to buy the needful copperplates. The long failure of all good results may, at last, have disheartened even him. As long as he lived he wrote. Scores of MSS. were produced, and lost or destroyed — after frequent vain endeavors to find a publisher; the trade would none of his poems or designs. After each repulse, he took comfort in the belief that they were "published elsewhere and beautifully bound" — in that spiritual world which was substance and reality to him, while this transient existence seemed but the dream of a shadow.

Sinking lower down into the vale of years, his steps were closer dogged by poverty and oppressed by the burthen of a message which the world would not receive. "Take it away," such words are reported of George III. when one of Blake's designs was brought before the royal notice, and the cruel or thoughtless judgment of the ignorant multitude was an echo of their king's.

Still Blake worked on with unflinching courage. In his old age were produced his sublime designs to the book of Job, which, through the kindness of his brother

artist, Linnell, brought him in bread for a long time. His closing years were fully occupied by illustrations to the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, under a commission from the same unflinching friend. At the age of sixty-seven, he conquered the Italian language in a few weeks, aided by such Latin as he knew, so as to grasp the spirit at least of the great visionary poet, whom the common race of men call obscure and hard to be understood.

In 1821 he moved, for the last time, going down to No. 3, Fountain Court, Strand. Here he was master of two small, decent rooms on a first floor; the front room was kept for change and visitors; the back was the living, sleeping, and working room of the old couple, seldom parted now for many minutes out of their day in common. Here Blake had his working-table under the window, where he could catch some sort of side glance of the great river; on one side stood their bed, on the other the wife did her cooking on the fire, or sat mending or making, or went about some small duty for the comfort of the man she worshipped with a fondness dearer than their bridal love. The "lovely myrtle-tree" had early faded into the sere under daily drudgery and want of all the refinements that lend a charm to well-cared-for womankind. Evidently she "let herself go," as women say; in her shabby, dirty dress, she looked coarse and common enough, but for the love that spoke through her great black eyes, smiling at the wreck of her beauty with its divine joy.

She had no means to keep herself attractive; little enough to obtain food for the two. Her husband, wrapt in communion with the gods, gave her too little of his company, though in bodily presence so constantly by her side. "Money" was a thing he naturally abhorred; the very word irritated him, even from the lips he loved.

Kind, like a man was he; like a man, too, would have his way.

On this point we have his own recorded testimony of a spiritual revelation: "In eternity woman is the emanation of man; she has no will of her own; there is no such thing in eternity as a female will." This naïve vision may have been hard of attainment in "one flesh" during this mortal state; certain it is, the poet's reasoning instincts grew with age; he dearly loved an argument for its own sake, and would maintain against all disputants that the sun went round the earth — a very

Petruchio to contradict his Kate upon facts astronomical or unacceptable—if she gave him the occasion. As years brought her wisdom she ceased to strive with her tongue, or touch the cantankerous spot that lurked in a sweet and noble nature. What she had she served for meat; when all failed, she would spread their small table and set upon it—an empty dish; the unanswerable appeal that drove him to such work as could bring in the earthly dross by which alone—yet without which, man does not live.

He would often make himself useful to her in her necessary work, lighting the fire and putting on the kettle before she got up, while in every exigency of his art-life she gave good help no less than wifely sympathy. All trials notwithstanding, theirs was a true marriage of hearts, souls, and intellects; her affection, at least, was never divided, and passed the common love of woman. In age the tie grew closer, fonder still. She had borne no children, and the mother yearning of woman's nature clung about her heart's dearest, when dependent upon her in the feeble, failing days. He was her all in all.

Supremely happy in this, the man would never own a conqueror in earthly sorrow, accepting all as good from the hand that gave him being. "May God make this world to you, my child, as beautiful as it has been to me," such were his words of blessing to a lovely little girl who listened, wondering, to the poor, small, shabby old man possessed of nothing, while she had all her rich and doting parents could lavish. Life taught her better.

With the last months Blake's strength failed; not his passionate ardor for work. Propped up in his bed he went on with his labor of love on the Dante designs, and on a colored impression of his own favorite creation "The Ancient of Days," a commission from a friend. Then, as the lamp of life burnt low, his eyes fell on the wife of his youth, and a vision of grace and beauty, never for him altogether changed. "Stay," he said to her; "keep as you are! You have been ever an angel to me; I will draw you." With a hand almost numbed by death, he drew what she seemed to him: "A phrenzied sketch," 'twas said; with power, not physical resemblance.

Gently and gradually, possessing all his mind, he bowed to the inevitable. On a Sunday, 12th August, 1827, a few months before the term of seventy years, he lay chanting low to his Maker songs and melodies the inspiration of the solemn hour.

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXVIII. 4043

Most sweet they were to the fond ear that hung over him, drinking in his every breath. With eyes of undying hope bent upon her, he said: "My beloved, they are not mine, no, they are not mine." Then, with the power of vision that was upon him, he told her they would not be parted, he should always be about her to take care of her. Not as a man, but as a blessed angel, he went to that country he had all his life wished to see, happy, hoping for salvation through Jesus Christ.

About his burial, the question came from her lips. He chose the place where his people were laid, Bunhill Fields. He desired the service of the Church of England, being a Dissenter born.

His widow, proud in her grief, refused the offer of a pension from royalty—too late an honor to tempt her—when he was gone. In age and loneliness she chose to work, coloring designs and selling the art-treasures left for her subsistence. She was cared for, too, by several friends: "Nor did she live long enough to test their benevolence too severely," in Gilchrist's significant words. Eating her bread from day to day, she lingered four years and a month or two, always feeling the presence of his spirit very near whose wife she was for five-and-forty years. His only sister drew close to her at the last. She passed away, happily, repeating holy words and calling to her beloved, that she was coming to him and would not be long.

She was laid beside him, with a bushel of slacked lime in her coffin, according to her last request. The precaution was not unneeded, for the ground was since broken up, the graves desecrated, the dead disturbed. What became of their mortal part none can tell, but their labors and the story of their lives will last forevermore.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### SOME LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS.

It was my father's good fortune during a great part of a busy life to associate on terms of intimate friendship with many who were eminent in literature and art. Charles Dickens, Robert Browning, the first Lord Lytton, the late Lord Houghton, George Eliot, G. H. Lewes, Wilkie and Charles Collins, John Forster, Sir Edwin Landseer, Barry Cornwall—these are some of the names that I find set down in some stray papers that came into my hands after my father's death. It had been his intention to put together for the

pleasure of his family and his intimate friends his reminiscences. He had begun the task, but illness came upon him before he could carry it very far. Of Dickens, for instance, I find only a few rough notes of this character.

"With Dickens at Crystal Palace performance of Sullivan's 'Tempest.' Walked with Dickens from Crystal Palace to Chorley's, 13 Eaton Place.

"Dickens fond of Americans. But when I returned from America in the spring of '63, and expressed my firm belief in the ultimate triumph of the North, he treated my opinion as a harmless hallucination.

"Sunday walks with Dickens in 1862 (February to June) when he was at Hyde Park Gate. Walked back with him from Star and Garter, Richmond, April 2, after dinner to celebrate John Forster's birthday.

"With Dickens in Paris, Nov., 1862. Course of restaurants."

Wilkie Collins was one of our closest and dearest friends. I say "our" advisedly, for he had known my father and mother before they were married, and we in our turn, as we grew up, came to look upon him rather as a friend of our own age than as the contemporary of our parents. It never occurred to us to call him anything but Wilkie. Of all the delightful companions I can remember he was one of the most delightful. There was a genial though almost old-fashioned courtesy in his manners, a gaiety and ease in his conversation, a sparkle in his stories, and a general kindness in his treatment of us youngsters, which endeared him to us above all our friends. He used to tell us great tales of Tom Sayers which held us spell-bound; for Wilkie, in spite of "Man and Wife," had at one time conversed as familiarly with prize-fighters as he did afterwards with artists, literary men, and actors. Once, too, I remember, Wilkie helped me in a serious difficulty. I had come home from school with a task more than ordinarily difficult. Our form had been ordered to translate the twelfth ode of Horace's first book into English verse. I tried, I think, for an hour, and knocked out four lines of execrable doggerel. Wilkie chanced to be staying with us, and in despair I determined to appeal to him for help. His reply was prompt: "Give me the crib, my boy — I'm no good at the Latin — and I'll see what I can do." The crib was produced, Wilkie took it in hand, and dictated to me almost without hesita-

tion a set of rolling Alexandrines, for which — I blush to own it — I secured high marks on the following morning.

What man or hero, Clio, dost thou name?  
On pipe or lute to swell the roll of fame?

So they began, and continued in the same exalted strain to the end.

Olympus trembles, though the gods stand round,  
It needs must tremble when thy chariots sound.

Upon polluted groves thou hurl'st thy fire,  
And teachest man to reverence thine ire.

But of my father's long and unbroken friendship with Wilkie there is no mention in his note-book. Many letters there are both to my father and my mother, and of these I am able to print a few. They will show perhaps better than any other record could, the kind and manly nature of our dear old friend, his power of work, and his courage in battling against pain and illness.

The following pages, then, are made up partly from my father's own uncompleted note-book of reminiscences, partly from letters written to him or to my mother during many years. All I have done is to add an occasional paragraph between brackets [ ].

LORD LYTTON (*Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton*).

DICKENS gave me an introduction to Lord Lytton, then Sir Edward Bulwer, who asked me to stay with him at Knebworth in the summer of 1861. The grounds of Knebworth are lovely, and the house itself is beautifully proportioned; but it is disfigured to my mind by heraldic monstrosities, and a strange jumble of Wardour Street furniture. Lytton himself used to go about all day in the most wonderful old clothes. He stooped very much, and in his frayed, untidy suit looked at least seventy years old. At dinner-time, however, a wonderful change took place in him. It was as though he had taken a draught of some elixir. He appeared in evening dress as spruce as possible, and seemed to have left about twenty years of his age in his bedroom with his ancient garments. During dinner he was animated and most interesting. His wine was claret, a bottle of which stood beside him, and as soon as experience had taught me that this bottle contained the only wine which was good to drink, I contrived to make him share it with me. Immediately after dinner he smoked a large chi-



bouk. We then used to adjourn to the library, a noble room containing fine family portraits. Our host's conversation was most fascinating. In a large party his deafness prevented him from joining freely in the general conversation, but in the midst of a few friends willing and eager to listen, no talk could have equalled his. He was essentially what I call a monologist, but Dickens — the only man who perhaps could have disputed the supremacy with him — used to call him the greatest conversationalist of the age. At about eleven o'clock the power of the elixir seemed to wane; he became again a bent old man, his talk flagged, and he faded away from us to his bedroom, where it may be he sat down to work, for he was the most industrious of men, and was said often to write half the night through. I find in a letter I wrote at the time the following description of my experiences:—

"In fine weather this place would be a paradise. As it is, we are in a very fine old house full of curiosities, a splendid library, and Sir Edward B.-Lytton. Yesterday it rained mercilessly all day; we read, talked, shivered, ate, and drank. After dinner Sir Edward was very entertaining. He passed all the principal orators of both Houses in review — Derby, the late Earl Grey, Bright, Disraeli, and Gladstone. He gave us his opinion of Louis Napoleon, anecdotes of Madame de Staël, Richard Owen, Fourierism, and an account of his experiences at Cannes with Lord Brougham, which would have made you die of laughing. Then suddenly he burst out into a splendid recitation of Scott's 'Young Lochinvar.' He thought the 'Woman in White' great trash, and 'Great Expectations' so far Dickens's best novel. He cannot read Tennyson. After a course of Emerson's 'Conduct of Life,' and some other philosophical writer whose name I forget, he happened to read Gæthe, and felt like a man escaping from a black hole into pure air. He said he was constantly impressed with the wonderful universality of the Germans, and in particular was amazed at Schiller's knowledge of history, philosophy, and all manner of studies which to Byron, for instance, were a sealed book. He lay on a sofa smoking a chibouk, and Elizabeth\* sang very nicely. He expressed himself delighted, and thus delighted Elizabeth, although she knows he does not hear a note. Just now he has been in and said: 'I cannot bear being idle; if I only had a

grotto to make, or any change in the garden to plan, I should be perfectly happy.' You cannot imagine the desolation and melancholy of this place under the present leaden sky. Poor Bulwer is a lonely and unhappy man, and I was much touched by coming suddenly upon a little ivy-grown monument which stands in the garden, and bears the following mournful inscription:—

Alas, Poor Beau!  
Died Feb. 28, 1852.

It is but to a dog that this stone is inscribed.  
Yet what now is left within the Home of  
Thy Fathers, O Solitary Master,  
That will grieve for Thy departure  
Or rejoice at thy return?—E. B. L.

"Round the banqueting-hall, high up,  
runs the following inscription:—

Read the Rede of this old Roof-tree. Here  
be Trust Fast, Opinion free,  
Knightly Right Hand, Christian Knee,  
Worth in all, Wit in some, Laughter open,  
Slander dumb.  
Hearth where rooted Friendships grow, safe  
as Altar even to Foe.  
And ye Sparks that upward go, when the  
Hearth flame dies below;  
If thy sap in these may be, fear no winter, old  
Roof-tree."

During this visit to Knebworth one of my fellow-guests was a Miss Mattie Griffith from Kentucky. Inheriting a number of negroes, she had set them all free, and had refused their urgent entreaty to be allowed to set aside part of their wages for her benefit. Her act made her not only penniless but drove her from home, her abolitionist views making it impossible for her to continue to live in Kentucky. She had gone to Boston in order to make a living by literary effort, and had come to Lytton warmly introduced by Boston friends. She was enthusiastic for the preservation of the Union, and felt deeply the terrors of war between the North and the South. When, therefore, Lytton spread out a map of the United States, and declared in his most didactic way that if any lesson was taught by history, "such unwieldy empires must fall to pieces and split up into a number of states," I was amused to see Miss Griffith dancing a wild Indian war dance behind his back, and shaking her little fist at him. On this subject I may quote from the same letter.

"Miss Griffith is a poetess. I found in the library a little volume of pretty poems by Mattie Griffith, and in it an ode addressed to Sir Edward, and overflowing

\* The late Mrs. Benson, my father's sister.

with enthusiastic admiration which probably aroused his interest in her. She is one of the most modest and innately lady-like persons I ever met, but a perfect tigress if America is sneered at or in any way blamed. Her love for her country burst out into some fierce little quarrels with Sir Edward. He thought the Americans would be much the better for a monarch and a few hereditary gentlemen. She scorned the notion, and said that if such a thing ever happened 'it would just break my heart.'

Lytton had a curious drawing manner of speech, his words being interspersed with frequent "erras" to help him out when he was waiting for the proper word. Then, again, he would emphasize a sentence or a single word by loudly raising his voice, a peculiarity which gave his talk a certain dramatic character. I remember once, when I was dining with him *en petit comité*, the conversation turned upon the universality of belief in a divine Creator, and even now I fancy I hear him saying: "When — erra — I had the honor — erra — of becoming her Majesty's secretary of state for the colonies, I made it my first business — erra — to instruct my agents all over the habitable globe — erra — to report to me if they knew of any nation, tribe, or community — erra;" thus far he had spoken in a low, melodious voice, when suddenly he changed his register, shot out the following words as from a catapult, "*who did not believe in a GOD.*" He added that he had only found one savage community with such a want of belief.

In the garden at Knebworth he was fond of pointing out the tree under which "young Robert" \* wrote his poetry.

He was always buying and selling houses in town or places in the country. Among the latter I remember Copped Hall, near Totteridge, in Hertfordshire, a tumbledown old house in which I found him settled one winter with H. W. Ernst, the famous violinist, and his French wife. I am told that in all these purchases and sales Lytton did well.

I remember finding him and his brother Lord Dalling assembled among the guests for a dinner to inaugurate a new house of Sir Alexander Cockburn's, at 40 Hertford Street. As usual with Cockburn, the house contained merely the necessary furniture, but neither picture, engraving, nor indeed any work of art. I could not help expressing to Lytton my wonder at the

extent of bare walls in the house of a man of taste like Cockburn. Lytton looked round and quietly replied: "Just the kind of house — erra — for him to start from after breakfast — erra — *to hang a man.*"

Lytton prided himself upon his knowledge of agricultural matters, and was fond of being consulted about them. When my wife was going to keep cows, and in her total ignorance of the subject rather trembled at the prospect, I advised her to consult Sir Edward Bulwer, and I now possess his reply of nine pages bursting with professional knowledge.

He was very fond of my little daughter, and once actually persuaded my wife to let her accompany us to Knebworth. The little lady was not over five or six, and accepted the most slavish devotion from Lytton as her due. It was touching to see our frail, bent old host in his usual toilet of ancient clothes wander hand-in-hand with his small friend through the gardens, wasting, I fear, much wisdom and good counsel varied by wonderful stories. I tried hard to impress her with the great honor done to her, but I am afraid quite in vain. She pined for her toys and companions at home, and did not care a jot for the glories of Knebworth.

#### SOME CURIOUS QUARRELS.

##### *Sir Alexander Cockburn v. Sir Edwin Landseer.*

As great nations have often chosen to fight out their wars on the territory of in-offensive neighbors, so some remarkable men have thought fit to explode their animosity at my humble dinner-table or at that of members of my family. The late lord chief justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn, was at one time a frequent guest at my house. His innumerable gifts, his fine scholarship, and his animated conversation made his society delightful — when he was in a good humor. But his temper was imperious and vindictive, and his quarrels with intimate friends sudden and unaccountable. I remember Millais saying to me of him, "You should never have that man on your premises without having the fire-engines ready to act," and the point of the remark was forcibly brought home to me on two occasions.

The first was in 1863 or 1864. At that time and for some years afterwards I was living some six miles out of London, near Muswell Hill, and both Sir Alexander Cockburn and Sir Edwin Landseer were among my frequent visitors. They were old and very intimate friends. Sir Alex-

\* The late Earl Lytton.

ander promised to dine with me on a certain Sunday, and upon hearing that Landseer was also to be of the party, he offered to call for him in his carriage and drive him out, an offer which Sir Edwin cheerfully accepted. On the appointed day both arrived in an open phaeton, Cockburn himself driving. As usual, we sauntered in the garden before dinner, and I remember Landseer telling me that he always knew the quarter of the wind from the general aspect and color of the landscape. Then came dinner. I forget who were the other guests, but I recollect that we were very cheerful and that there was abundance of good talk. When the ladies had left the table some one spoke of Shakespeare, and Landseer remarked that even Shakespeare had made mistakes, for in "As You Like it" he makes "a poor, sequestered stag" shed "big, round tears." "Now," said Landseer, "I have made stags my especial study, and I know for a fact that it is quite impossible for them to shed tears." Most of us were inclined to accept this statement as a curious and innocent Shakespearian commentary, but Cockburn suddenly startled us by turning upon Landseer and asking him in a loud voice, "And don't you think you are committing a most unwarrantable impertinence in criticising Shakespeare?" A bomb exploding in our midst could not have created greater dismay than this violent and unexpected exclamation. Poor Landseer, the most sensitive of mortals, turned pale; Cockburn continued to glare at him, and all I could do was to break up the party and bundle my quarrelsome guests into the garden. Cockburn joined the ladies, while Landseer remained with the rest of us almost beside himself with anger at this churlish and unprovoked attack. Now came a great difficulty. How was Landseer to be got home? We were, as I have said, some six miles from town, it was a Sunday evening, and no cabs were to be had for love or money. I therefore made every imaginable effort to bring about a reconciliation. With this view I entreated Landseer to forget and forgive. "Remember, Sir Edwin," I said, "that long after he has joined all the other lord chief justices and is forgotten, your name will remain as that of the greatest English painter of this or any other age." "That's true," replied Sir Edwin, "and I am willing to make it up and ride home with him, but," he added, "begad, sir, he had better know that if he begins again, I am the man to get down, take off my coat, and fight

him in the lanes." All attempts, however, to conciliate Sir Alexander were in vain. When I told him that Landseer was willing to shake hands and to go home with him, he shut me up by replying curtly, "I will not take him." He drove away alone.

*Sir Alexander Cockburn v. Lord Houghton.*

DURING the progress of the Tichborne trial (*i.e.*, the ejectment action before Chief Justice Bovill) Sir Alexander Cockburn dined with me at my house, near Highgate, and Lord Houghton was one of the party. At that time public opinion had begun to go against the claimant; for dear, paradoxical Lord Houghton this was enough. He immediately ranged himself on the other side. On this particular day he came on to me straight from Holly Lodge, where Lady Burdett-Coutts had been giving a garden-party. At dinner the conversation, of course, turned upon the Tichborne case, and I remember that Cockburn expressed his opinion very emphatically to the effect that the claimant was an impostor. Houghton, however, argued upon the other side. Suddenly Cockburn cut him short by saying, "I should have thought this impossible from any one with the very meanest intellect." Houghton paused, apparently overwhelmed, and then replied: "But surely that was very rude;" upon which Cockburn, glaring fixedly at him, merely added, "I meant it to be so."

We got out of the dining-room somehow, but the incident, as may easily be imagined, did not contribute to the harmony of the evening. Lord Houghton, the most placable and amiable of men, never forgot or forgave the affront, and years afterwards, as he and I were going home together from a pleasant meeting at the Century Club, New York, he spoke of this incident as a proof of Cockburn's "terrible temper."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HAWTHORNE was sent as United States consul to Liverpool in 1854, he being one of the many examples of the American government's constant practice of doing honor to their eminent literary men by appointing them to distinguished public positions. I was invited by an American friend of mine in Liverpool to meet Hawthorne soon after his arrival. His appearance was very striking, his face handsome and intellectual, and the large, liquid eyes were full of latent fire and poetical imagi-

nation. He was not only reticent but almost taciturn, and, when he did speak, was apt to pause and then jerk out the rest of the sentence. Americans have, as a rule, a very remarkable facility of expression. Here was a curious exception. I remember condoling with him for having exchanged Boston, the hub of creation, for uncongenial Liverpool, when he replied: "Oh, Liverpool is a very pleasant place" (then a pause sufficiently long for me to look surprised, and then suddenly the end of the sentence) "to get away from."

After Hawthorne left Liverpool we did not meet again until my visit to America in the autumn of 1862, under the following circumstances. Robert Chambers had given me a letter for Emerson, which made him ask me to spend a day with him at Concord. He seemed to be the beau ideal of a contented and virtuous sage. Placidity and serenity were, to my mind, the chief characteristics of his face and manner. His conversation flowed without the slightest effort, copiously and harmoniously. He took me all over Concord, pointing out the lions of the war of independence. He seemed proud of the wealth of his New England orchard, the apple-trees having done specially well that year. All his surroundings, not only his family, but his house and furniture, seemed to fit Emerson, and left upon me the very pleasant impression of my having come in contact with a master mind living in refined frugality. Among others Emerson had asked Hawthorne to meet me. As usual, he hardly ever spoke, and I only remember his breaking his apparent vow of silence when appealed to by a Mr. Bradford. This gentleman, after a fiery denunciation of the South, having come to the end of his peroration, passionately turned to his silent listener with the words, "Don't you agree with me?" Then Hawthorne astonished him by uttering the monosyllable "No," after which he again relapsed into silence.

Emerson told me that Hawthorne's increased taciturnity caused much anxiety to his family. My recollection of him is of one gloomy and much troubled, while I shall always think of Emerson as pellucid and at peace.

#### HENRY F. CHORLEY.

CHORLEY, the musical critic of the *Athenæum*, was in appearance and manners one of the strangest of mortals. His face was all out of drawing, and his high voice and curious, angular movements made him a very conspicuous figure where-

ever he went. Some thirty years ago music in London really meant Italian opera or Handel's oratorios, for anything else there was an extremely limited public. Good chamber music could only be heard during the season at Ella's Union, and was there heard only by a few hundred people. Arthur Chappell *a changé tout cela*. No single critic could now make or mar a musical reputation, but in the antediluvian days of which I speak Chorley, as the mouthpiece of the *Athenæum*, was master of the situation and ruled supreme. I am bound to add that he was thoroughly honest, and, though he had his favorites, he wrote without fear. But he had neither the natural gifts nor the education necessary for so responsible a position. He took the most violent likes and dislikes, an important matter, seeing that he, so to speak, made public opinion. He cordially disliked Madame Schumann (whom, by the way, he always called "the shoe-woman"). There can be no doubt that by his ignorant but constantly expressed detestation of Schumann's music he for many years prevented that great composer from becoming properly known and appreciated in this country. On the other hand, Chorley adored Mendelssohn, and went so far as to consider any admiration of Schumann a slight upon his idol. All this has now become a matter of history, and in spite of Chorley's well-nigh forgotten efforts Schumann has taken his legitimate place in England as elsewhere. In those days Chorley was a writer of opera books, and he seemed to look upon the composer's part of the business as entirely secondary to his own. For instance, he always spoke of the "Amber Witch," for which he had written the libretto, as "my opera."

At his little house, 13 Eaton Place, West, he saw very good company and gave many pleasant dinners, to which he invited artists and literary men of eminence. At the same time he had a curious way of alluding to those whose rank and means made it unnecessary for them to live by their brains as "real people." I remember once meeting Meyerbeer and John Forster at his table. Little Meyerbeer looked at least a hundred years old. We happened to be talking about age, and I remember that Forster, in tones made most dulcet for the occasion, said to Meyerbeer: "And might I ask, M. Meyerbeer, how old you are?" But Meyerbeer was equal to the occasion, and merely replied: "I think you might, Mr. Forster, but I am not sure whether I would tell you."

I remember a curious instance of the apparent impossibility of French people understanding how differently newspapers are managed in this country. M. and Madame (Miolan) Carvalho were dining at Chorley's with Tom Taylor, who was at that time the art critic of the *Times*, a fact of which madame was aware, but monsieur was not. Something in the musical criticisms of the *Times* had apparently displeased M. Carvalho, and he broke out into a fierce invective against the paper. In vain his wife made signs to him and tried to stop him, until at last she electrified him by saying: "*Mais, mon ami, M. Taylor est du Times.*" I never saw such a transformation scene. Tom Taylor did his best to explain to M. Carvalho that he, as the art critic, had no more to do with the music criticisms in the *Times* than the man in the moon. But poor Carvalho continued to make the most abject apologies, and entreated him to forget what he had said.

Chorley was really a most hospitable man, but his hospitality sometimes took strange forms. Once, I remember, he asked me whether I was engaged upon a certain date, and upon my replying no, he somewhat astonished me by saying that he would come and dine with me on that day. "I shall have a blue-coat boy staying with me," he continued, "and I will bring him with me; it will do the lad good." Chorley was as good as his word. On the appointed day he and his *protégé* dined with me at my house in Westbourne Terrace. The proximity of Westbourne Terrace to Paddington Station, from which the blue-coat boy was to start that evening for his home, was, I fancy, the chief reason for this singular invitation. Chorley, however, was, I am bound to say, profuse in his invitations to dinner at his own house, but occasionally his stream of dinners would cease, though he never consented to abdicate altogether the position of Amphitryon. For instance, he would meet you in June and say to you: "I have quite made up my mind to have a little dinner on Guy Fawkes day, will you come?" And through all these intervening months Chorley would never meet you without reminding you that you were engaged to him for the 5th of November. This became a standing joke amongst his intimates, and any proposal to fix a festivity a long way ahead was at once checked by "No Guy Fawkes invitation."

In his later days poor Chorley became very feeble, and used often to forget where he was, and to imagine when din-

ing out that he was dining at his own house.

On one occasion, when Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, and others were dining at our house near Highgate, a curious incident happened. When Chorley arrived before dinner he showed that he was not quite at his ease by saying to my wife: "Dear friend, where am I?" To which she replied reassuringly: "Oh, Mr. Chorley, you must consider yourself at home." I take the following amusing account from a letter written at the time by my wife:—

"At last Chorley didn't in the very least know where he was, and again asked me confidentially if I could tell him. I said he was at Woodlands. He said, 'Where's that?' During dinner he appeared to have settled it in his own mind that he was at home; consequently he kept on ringing the bell, giving Martin all sorts of orders, and calling him Drury (his own man's name). He was quite vexed with me for ringing once and giving an order myself. At the end of dinner he tottered up, held on for a moment as if the chair was a mast and he was crossing the Channel, asked me to be good enough to take care of his guests for him, and particularly to see that Mr. Collins got what wine he liked, feebly said 'Drury,' whereat Martin took his arm—and so vanished to bed. He was all right the next day, and is right now and most delightful, like his fine, bright, old conceited self again. To-night we have a dinner-party in his honor, Charles Reade, Tuckie, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Procter, Mr. Bockett, and one or two others."

Next day. "I told you in my last letter about the dinner we had arranged for Chorley. When we sat down, his delusion of being at his own table came on again. We were all known to him except Mr. Bockett. I saw him now and then puzzling over Bockett, unable to account for Bockett, but in his old-fashioned, chivalrous way with the greatest stranger, sending all the dishes round to Bockett, pressing things upon him. 'Take the champagne to Mr. Bockett, please,' etc., etc. After dinner, when Wilkie was proceeding to light his cigar, Chorley at once interfered, declaring that he never allowed smoking in his dining-room. There was, I believe, a little scene, but matters were amicably arranged afterwards. Afterwards, in the music-room, Chorley asked me how his dinner had gone off, was it good? Then he said, 'I shall certainly ask Mr. Bockett again, he's ver-y nice.' 'But,' said Kitty, 'have you ever seen him



before?' 'Well,' said Chorley, meditating, 'no—but then' (with an important little snigger) 'this little dinner of mine has been a complete——' perhaps he meant a complete surprise to himself, but he waved off the end of the sentence. Every now and then he quite recovered himself, and told us how confused he had been. During one of these intervals he went up to Wilkie and most touchingly apologized to him, but in a short time again he would ring the bell and think himself at home."

ROBERT BROWNING.

[OF Robert Browning I find no mention in my father's note-book. But he too was one of the intimate friends who often gathered round my father, "and tired the sun with talking, and sent him down the sky." One little incident I particularly remember. It occurred on New Year's day, 1886, when Browning dined with us at 15 Berkeley Square. After we had joined the ladies the conversation turned upon eyesight, my father, I think, remarking that he found writing more and more difficult every day owing to his failing sight. Browning, however, declared that he himself found no difficulty whatever, his eyesight being as good then as it had ever been. He offered to prove his statement, and called for paper, pen, and ink, which were at once produced. He then wrote, in an extraordinarily minute but perfectly legible hand, the following:—

Shall we all die?  
We shall die all:  
Die all shall we,  
Die all we shall.

ROBERT BROWNING, Jan. 1, '86.

Afflictions sore  
Long time I bore,  
Physicians were in vain;  
Till God did please  
To give me ease,  
Release me from my pain.

Having done this he paused, then suddenly said, "I'll give you some Greek too," and then, in the same tiny hand, added these three lines, the first three of "The Seven against Thebes":—

Καθμιν παλαιον χρη λεγειν τα καιρια  
οστις φαιλασσει πραγος εν πρημνη πολιοις  
οιακα νυμων βλεφαρα μη κοιμων υπνω.

His son, who was standing by, suggested that the lines would be the better for accents and breathings, but Browning refused to add them. There is, by the way, a misquotation of *παλαιον* for *πολιται*, which makes nonsense of the first line, but nothing

was said about that at the time. Moreover *πολιος* ought to be *πολιω*. I ought to add that I can remember nothing that could account for the gloomy character of the English part of this curious manuscript.]

19 Warwick Crescent, Upper Westbourne Terrace, W.:  
October 21, 1867.

MY DEAR MRS. LEHMANN,—“Renew our interrupted acquaintance,” is a sadly inadequate expression for *my* share in the matter; say rather that by seeing you again I shall complete the delight with which I heard of your return and restoration to health. I do hope we are past “acquaintanceship” long ago, or your kindness and your husband’s kindness have been inconsiderately bestowed. Of course I shall be most happy to go to you on Wednesday.

Ever truly yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

19 Warwick Crescent, Upper Westbourne Terrace:  
July 17, 1869.

DEAR MRS. LEHMANN,—You should not bid me be “like my old self”—because my last self is always the most affectionately disposed to you of all the selves; and I can do myself (honestly to speak) no greater pleasure than to go to you on Monday week. I always think my heart is on my sleeve, and that who likes may see it, and know whether it means kindly or otherwise to them—for all one’s excuses, refusings, and misleading stupidity; and unless it play me false indeed, it must beat very gratefully whenever your name is mentioned; with such recollections of long kindness unvaried by a minutest touch of anything like the contrary! So let me have the enjoyment you promise me—if by help of your brother, well—if by my own means and act, still well enough. But, understand that I don’t care a straw about seeing anybody but yourself and your husband—for my eyes rather ache just now with such sights as you promise. With love to your husband,

Ever affectionately yours,

R. BR.

19 Warwick Crescent, W.:  
Tuesday Evening, July 27, 1869.

DEAR FRIEND,—I hardly know whether you are quite in earnest, but I am, in—more than grieving—being frightened a little at all this ill-luck.

I ought to have started in a cab the moment things grew doubtful; why did I not? Because I was unwell—having been so for some time—and felt the grasshopper a burden all day long in the house from which I never stirred.

Besides, I am of a dull, unadventurous turn in these matters. Of course, to-day I fancy how easily and happily I might have reached you, even if a little late. Don't cast me off next time, if there be a next time, and be sure I will try hard to break the ugly spell. I had no expectation that you would think of arranging for me at all, as I was so long in hearing from you. I supposed you left me to my own resources, as I bade you — and should certainly have reached Woodlands at the punctual quarter past, but for your superfluity of goodness.

Thank you for your beautiful flowers — I can give nothing in return — unless you bear with a photograph? Yes, you will, and here it shall be. Good-bye over again, dear friend. I am ever — so believe it — in all affection yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

19 Warwick Crescent, W. :  
December 4, 1873.

MY DEAR LEHMANN, — See how prettily the story is told in the good old style of Wanley, 1677. "A certain young man came to Rome, in the shape of his body so like Augustus, that he set all the people at gaze upon that sight. Augustus hearing of it, sent for the young man, who, being come into his presence: 'Young man,' says he, 'was your mother ever in Rome?' He, discerning whither the question tended, 'No, sir,' said he, 'but my father hath often;' wittily eluding the intended suspicion of his own mother, and begueting anew concerning that of Augustus." Ever yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

19 Warwick Crescent, W. :  
January 24, 1876.

MY DEAR LEHMANN, — With this note, you will receive the picture.\* What can I say in sending it that you do not perfectly understand? Really, I doubt if anything ever made me more happy than such a prodigious incitement to Pen's industry, and, what he has always wanted, a confidence in his own power of doing good and original work. We can't but believe (all of us here) that your personal kindness had more to do with the purchase than you would desire us to think. Still it is not hard to fancy that you find sufficient pleasure in being the first to bring forward a young fellow who may — and ought — to justify such a distinction by future success. It is simply the truth to say that your approval of the picture

\* My father had bought one of "Pen" Browning's first pictures.

would have been preferable immeasurably to its purchase by almost anybody else; you must know *why*, well enough. There, I shall say no more, but remember this circumstance so long as "this machine is to him." Yours truly,

R. BROWNING.

19 Warwick Crescent, W. :  
November 10, 1884.

DEAR MRS. LEHMANN, — It will indeed be a delight for me to see you again, and dine with you and your husband on the 23rd. Tell him so, please, with my best regards.

As for Pen, "how he is and where" — he has just entered into a good and adequate studio at Paris, unlike the poor holes he has hitherto occupied. His "Dryope" is obtaining great success in Brussels, where they allowed it to arrive a fortnight after the last day for receiving works at the Exhibition, and gave it the best place there. He told me, months ago, that he had painted a little picture as his proper tribute to your Nina. Oh, you dear Scotch! while writing the above bit, I got a telegram asking me to be the rector at Glasgow (as I have more than once refused to let my friends attempt to make me), "by unanimous election" this time! NO, once more, but I am grateful enough all the same. So am I grateful for such scraps as this, by one of their best critics, I hear: —

Un bronze empoignant et qui se fait aisément pardonner certaines lourdeurs, c'est *Dryopée* fascinée par Apollon sous la forme d'un serpent. Voilà qui est grandement vu et éminemment sculptural! Qui donc osera contester encore aux Anglais le sentiment de la plastique? M. Browning renverse victorieusement ce préjugé.

Bear with me, and believe me ever, though "a parent," affectionately yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

19 Warwick Crescent, W. :  
December 29, 1884.

MY DEAR LEHMANN, — Here you have, as well as I can remember, the translation I made impromptu for Felix Moscheles, and which hangs in his music-room: —

In the whole tribe of singers is this vice,  
Ask them to sing, you'll have to ask them twice;

If you don't ask them — that's another thing,  
Until the Judgment-day, be sure they'll sing.\*

Ever yours truly,  
ROBERT BROWNING.

\* Horace, Sat. i. 3.

WILKIE COLLINS.

[These letters from Wilkie Collins are published by permission of Mr. A. P. Watt, his literary executor.]

Milan: October 26, 1866.

MY DEAR PADRONA, — Are you angry with me for leaving your charming letter so long unanswered? You well might be — and yet it is not my fault. I have been living in a whirlwind, and have only dropped out of the vortex in this place. In plain English the first quarter of an hour which I have had at my own disposal since you wrote to me, is a quarter of an hour to-night, in this very damp and very dreary town. Last night my travelling companion (Pigott) and I went to a public ball here. We entered by a long, dark passage, passed through a hall ornamented with a large stock of fenders, grates, and other ironmongery for sale on either side, found ourselves in a spacious room lit by three oil lamps, with *two* disreputable females smoking cigars, ten or a dozen depressed men, about four hundred empty chairs in a circle, one couple polking in that circle, and nothing else, on my sacred word of honor, nothing else going on! To-night I am wiser. I stay at the hotel and write to you.

Let us go back to England.

How came I to be so dreadfully occupied when your letter reached me? Surely I need not tell you, who know me so well, the particular circumstance in which my troubles took their rise. *Of course I caught a cold.* Very good. I had four different visits to pay in the country, and they had to be put off till I was better. I also had a play (*The Frozen Deep*) accepted at the Olympic Theatre and to be produced at Christmas. I also had my engagement with Pigott to go to Rome on a certain day. Very good again. It turned out as soon as I was better that all my four visits must be paid together in ten days — in consequence of the infernal cold seizing on me by the nose, teeth, face, throat, and chest in succession, and keeping me at home till the time for going to Italy was perilously near at hand. To make matters worse, the play with which the Olympic season opened proved a failure, and "*The Frozen Deep*" was wanted in October instead of at Christmas. I paid a visit to the country, and came back to London and read the play to the actors. I paid another visit, and came back and heard the actors read their parts to *me*. I paid another visit and came back to a first rehearsal! I paid a last visit and came

back to see the stage "effects" tried — and went away again to say good-bye to Mama Collins at Tunbridge Wells — and came back again to sketch the play-bill and hear the manager's last words — and went away again to Folkestone and Boulogne, and stopped in Paris a day to discuss the production of my other play, "*Armada*," on the French stage, with my good friend Regnier, of the *Théâtre Français*, and went away again through Switzerland and over the Splügen with Pigott, whose time is limited, and whose travelling must not be of the dawdling and desultory kind — and so it happened that to-morrow night, if all goes well, I shall be at Bologna while "*The Frozen Deep*" is being performed for the first time in London, and the respectable British public is hissing or applauding me, as the case may be. In the midst of all this, where is the time for me to write to the best of women? There is no time but between ten and eleven to-night at the *Albergo Reale* in Milan. Have I justified myself? Hem?

We shall go all the sooner to Rome, I think, and when we leave Rome towards the end of next month and take the steamer for Marseilles I will write again and say my last word about a visit to Pau.\* If I *can* come, though it may be only for a few days, depend upon it I will. It will all depend on my letters from London and Paris next month, and as soon as those letters are received you shall hear from me once more.

In the mean time need I say how glad I am to hear such good news of you. You know how glad I am, but are you learning to take care of yourself for the future? Don't say "Stuff!" Don't go to the piano (especially as I am not within hearing) and forget the words of wisdom. Cultivate your appetite, and your appetite will reward you. Purchase becoming (and warm) things for the neck and chest. Rise superior to the devilish delusion which makes women think that their feet cannot possibly look pretty in thick boots. I have studied the subject, and I say they *can*. Men understand these things; Mr. Worth, of Paris, dresses the fine French ladies who wear the "*Falballa*," and regulates the fashions of Europe. He is about to start "comforters" and hobnail boots for the approaching winter. In two months' time it will be indecent for a woman to show her neck at night, and if you don't make a frightful noise at every

\* My mother was passing the winter at Pau.

step you take on the pavement you abrogate your position as woman, wife, and mother in the eyes of all Europe. Is this exaggerated? No! A thousand times no! It is horrible—but it is the truth.

Has Fred returned to you? If he has, give him my love, and ask him to bring you to Rome in the middle of next month. Oh dear, dear! how pleasant it would be if we could all meet in the Forum! But we shan't. Kiss Miss L. for me, and give my love to the boys. The lamp is going out, and I must start early to-morrow morning, and there is nothing for it but to repeat that everlasting business of unbuttoning and going to bed. Good-bye for the present.

Yours affectionately,

W. C.

9 Melcombe Place, Dorset Square, London:  
Dec. 9, 1866.

Injured and admirable Padrona! Observe the date and address!!

What does it mean? Am I a wretch unworthy of your kindness, unworthy of your interest?

I affirm with the whole force of my conviction that I am only the unluckiest of men.

Hear me!

I had made all my arrangements for returning by way of Pau, and was on the point of writing to you to say so, when letters arrived for me from Paris and London.

The letter from Paris only informed me of a difficulty. The letter from London announced a disaster.

My collaborator in the new French dramatic version of "Armada" was at a standstill in Paris for want of personal explanations with the author of the book. He had urgent reasons for wishing to see me as soon as possible. Having laid this letter down I took up next the letter from London. It was from the manager of the Olympic Theatre, and it announced the total failure (in respect of attracting audiences) of "The Frozen Deep!" Not a sixpence made for me by the play (after all the success of the first night!)—the account books of the theatre waiting to be examined by me—and the manager waiting to know what was to be done next! There was nothing for it but to resign myself to the disappointment of missing my visit, and to get back to Paris and London as fast as I could. I caught the steamer at Civita Vecchia, went to Leghorn, from Leghorn to Marseilles, Marseilles to Macon (to rest after ten hours' shaking on the railway), Macon to Paris.

At Paris a long day's work with my collaborator which put things right again. Next day from Paris to London. Next day investigation of the accounts of the theatre—plain evidence that the play has not even paid its expenses—no alternative that I can see or the manager either, but to put "The Frozen Deep" on the shelf by or before Christmas. Such is my brief narrative of disaster. Now you know the facts, will you be a dear good soul and forgive your faithful Wilkie? When a man's affairs are all going wrong in his absence abroad what is the man to do? He can do nothing but go back.

The play is (I am *told*, for I have not yet had the courage to go and see it) beautifully got up, and very well acted. But the enlightened British public declares it to be "*slow*." There isn't an atom of slang or vulgarity in the whole piece from beginning to end; no female legs are shown in it; Richard Wardom doesn't get up after dying and sing a comic song; sailors are represented in the Arctic regions, and there is no hornpipe danced, and no sudden arrival of "the pets of the ballet" to join the dance in the costume of Esquimaux maidens; finally, all the men on the stage *don't* marry all the women on the stage at the end, and nobody addresses the audience and says, "If our kind friends here to-night will only encourage us by their applause, there are brave hearts among us which will dare the perils for many a night yet of—'The Frozen Deep!'"

For these reasons, best of women, I have failed. Is my tail put down? No—a thousand times, no! I am at work on the dramatic "Armada," and I will take John Bull by the scruff of the neck, and force him into the theatre to see it—before or after it has been played in French, I don't know which—but into the theatre John Bull shall go. I have some ideas of advertising next time that will make the public hair stand on end. And so enough, and more than enough, of theatrical matters.

Oh, I wanted you so at Rome—in the Protestant cemetery—don't start! No ghosts—only a cat. I went to show my friend Pigott the grave of the illustrious Shelley. Approaching the resting-place of the divine poet in a bright sunlight, the finest black Tom you ever saw discovered at an incredible distance that a catanthropist had entered the cemetery—rushed up at a gallop, with his tail at right angles to his spine—turned over on his back with his four paws in the air, and said in

the language of cats: "Shelley be hanged! Come and tickle me!" I stooped and tickled him. We were both profoundly affected.

Is this all I have to tell you about Rome? By no means, then why don't I go on and tell it? Because it is five o'clock — the British muffin-bell is ringing — the dismal British Sunday is closing in. I have promised to dine with the Benzens (where I shall meet Fred), and to take Charley and Katie (who is in the doctor's hands again) on my way. I must walk to keep my horrid corpulence down, and the time is slipping away; and though I want to go on talking to you, I must submit to another disappointment, and give it up.

Will you write and say you have forgiven me? The most becoming ornament of your enchanting sex is — mercy. It is the ornament, dear lady, that *you* especially wear! (Mercy on me, I am drifting into the phraseology of Count Fosco!) Let me revert to W. C. again. Will you ask me to come and see you when you are back in the fine weather at Woodlands? Do please — for it isn't my fault that I am in London instead of in Pau. I must work and get some money, now my play has declined to put a halfpenny in my pocket. Yours ever affectionately, W. C.

90 Gloucester Place, Portman Square:  
Jan. 10, 1868.

#### IN VINO VERITAS.

While drinking healths on New Year's Eve I promised all you ask'd me.

Next day excuses you receive

Which say you overtask'd me.

"Ungrateful man!" my lady cries,

"With falsehood's mark I brand him!"

To which your humble slave replies,

"Pray, madam, understand him!"

The wine once in, the truth comes out,

(This proverb may assist you)

When sober, I can pause and doubt;

When *not* — I can't resist you!

W. C.

90 Gloucester Place, Portman Square:  
Monday, Jan. 4, 1869.

DEAREST PADRONA, — I have just seen Fechter — he has called here. The great culinary artist is dismissed in disgrace. You must not think of engaging her. She has done all sorts of dreadful things. Alas! such but too frequently is the fatal gift of genius! I wish I knew of another cook to recommend — but unless you will take *me*, I know of nobody. And I am conscious of one serious objection to myself. My style is expensive. I look on meat simply as a material for sauces. Yours affectionately, W. C.

90 Gloucester Place, Portman Square:  
October 25, 1869.

MY DEAR FRED, — The Stoughton bit<sup>ters</sup> arrived this morning from Liverpool. At the same time appeared a parcel of country sausages from Beard. I sent him back a bottle of the bitters with instructions to drink your health in brandy and bitters, and to meditate on the innumerable virtues of intoxicating liquors for the rest of the day. On my part I suspended an immortal work of fiction, by going downstairs and tasting a second bottle properly combined with gin. Result delicious! Thank you a thousand times! The first thing you must do on your return to England is to come here and taste gin and bitters. May it be soon!\*

Have I any news? Very little. I sit here all day attacking English institutions — battering down the marriage laws of Scotland and Ireland and reviling athletic sports — in short, writing an *unpopular* book which may possibly make a hit, from the mere oddity of a modern writer running full tilt against the popular sentiment instead of cringing to it. The publishers are delighted with what I have done — especially my American publishers, who sent me an instalment of 500*l.* the other day, on receipt of only the first weekly part. I call *that* something like enthusiasm. Produce me the English publisher who treats his author in this way.

I am to meet the Padrona at Procter's on Thursday. And I *did* meet her at Payn's last week, looking very well and beautifully dressed. But two events occurred worth mentioning. The Padrona, assisting the force of a few sensible remarks by appropriate gesticulation, knocked over her glass of champagne, and flooded the table. Shortly afterwards I assisted a few sensible remarks, on my part, by appropriate gesticulation, and knocked over *my* glass, and flooded the table. And Mrs. Payn, seeing her cloth ruined, kept her temper like an angel, and smiled upon me while rivulets of champagne were flowing over *my* dress-trousers and *her* morocco leather chair. Excellent woman!

Reade has been here, and has carried off my book about the French police (*mémoires tirés des archives*). He begged me to go and see him at Oxford. I said, "Very well! write and say when." Need I add that he has *not* written?

I had a friend to dinner at the Junior Athenæum the other day. Our remon-

\* My father was in the United States, on his way round the world.



strance has produced its effect. I declined to order *anything* after our experience. "A dinner at so much a head. If it isn't good I shall personally submit myself for examination before the committee, and shall produce specimens of the dishes received by myself." The result was a very good dinner. When you come back let us try the same plan. Nothing like throwing the whole responsibility on the cook.

I had a day at Gadshill a little while since. Only the family. Very harmonious and pleasant — except Dickens's bath, which dripped behind the head of my bed all night. Apropos of Gadshill, your cutting from the *New York Times* has been followed by a copy of the paper, and a letter from Bigelow. I don't think Dickens has heard of it, and I shan't say anything about it, for it might vex him, and can do no good. Why they should rake up that old letter *now*, is more than I can understand. But then a people who can spell Forster's name without the "r," are evidently capable of anything.

Fechter has refused, what appears to everybody but himself, to be an excellent offer from America. He seems determined to go "on his own hook" in December next, and will find the managers whom he has refused his enemies when he gets there. I am afraid he has made a mistake.

Charley and Kitty are back in town. Charley dined here yesterday — no, Saturday. He is fairly well.

Mrs. John Wood has made the St. James's Theatre a perfect fairy palace, and is playing old English comedy with American actors. Scenery and dresses marvellously good. A great success. The other great success I am going to see on Wednesday — monkeys who are real circus riders, jump through hoops, dance on the horse's back, *and* bow to the audience when they are applauded. We shall see them in Shakespeare next — and why not? They can't be worse than the human actors, and they *might* be better.

Where will you be when this reaches you? I am told you have got to San Francisco. That will do. Come back. Leave well alone, and come back. I will describe Japan to you, and take you to see the manufactures afterwards at the Baker Street Bazaar.

Good-bye for the present. Yours, my dear F., ever W. C.

As for my health, I am getting along pretty slick, sir! A third of my book just done. Have seen nothing of Forster. *Shall* see him if we all last till November

21, at dear old Procter's birthday celebration. Reade and Charley send loves.

Buffalo, New York: Jan. 2, 1874.

Strange to say, my dear Fred, I have actually got some leisure time at this place. A disengaged half hour is before me, and I occupy it in writing a sort of duplicate letter for the Padrona and for you.

I hear you have called like a good fellow at Gloucester Place, and have heard something of me there from time to time. No matter where I go, my reception in America is always the same. The prominent people in each place visit me, drive me out, dine me, and do all that they can to make me feel myself among friends. The enthusiasm and the kindness are really and truly beyond description. I should be the most ungrateful man living if I had any other than the highest opinion of the American people. I find them to be the most enthusiastic, the most cordial, and the most sincere people I have ever met with in my life. When an American says, "Come and see me," he *means* it. This is wonderful to an Englishman.

Before I had been a week in this country I noted three national peculiarities which had never been mentioned to me by visitors to the States. I. No American hums or whistles a tune either at home or in the street. II. Not one American in five hundred has a dog. III. Not one American in one thousand carries a walking stick. I who hum perpetually, who love dogs, who cannot live without a walking stick, am greatly distressed at finding my dear Americans deficient in the three social virtues just enumerated.

My readings have succeeded by surprising the audiences. The story surprises them in the first place, being something the like of which they have not heard before. And my way of reading surprises them in the second place, because I don't flourish a paper-knife and stamp about the platform, and thump the reading-desk. I persist in keeping myself in the background and the story in front. The audience begins at each reading with silent astonishment, and ends with a great burst of applause.

As to the money, if I could read often enough I should bring back a little fortune in spite of the panic. The hard times have been against me of course, but while others have suffered badly I have always drawn audiences. Here, for example, they give me a fee for a reading on Tuesday evening next — it amounts to between

£70 and £80 (English). If I could read five times a week at this rate (which is my customary rate), here is £350 a week, which is not bad pay for an hour and three-quarters reading each night. But I cannot read five times a week without knocking myself up, and this I won't do. And then I have been mismanaged and cheated by my agents — have had to change them and start afresh with a new man. The result has been loss of time and loss of money. But I am *investing* in spite of it, and (barring accidents) I am in a fair way to make far more than I have made yet before the last fortnight in March, when I propose to sail for home. I am going "Out West" from this, and I *may* get as far as the Mormons. My new agent, a first-rate man, is ahead making engagements, and I am here (thanks to the kindness of Sebastian Schlesinger) with my godson Frank as secretary and companion. I find him a perfect treasure; I don't know what I should do without him. As for the said S. S., he is the brightest, nicest, kindest, little fellow I have met with for many a long day. He wouldn't hear of my dining at the hotel while I was in Boston this last time. Whenever I had no engagement (and I kept out of engagements, having work to do) I dined at his house, and dined superbly. It is not one of the least of S.'s virtues that he speaks with the greatest affection of *you*. He also makes the best cocktail in America. Vive Sebastian!

The nigger waiters (I like them better than the American waiters) are ringing the dinner bell. I must go and feed off a variety of badly cooked meats and vegetables ranged round me in (say) forty soap dishes. Otherwise I am comfortable here; I have got the Russian Grand Duke's bedroom, and a parlor in which I can shake hands with my visitors, and a box at the theatre, and the freedom of the club.

Write soon, my dear boy, and tell me about yourself and the Padrona, to whom I send my best love and sincerest good wishes. She is happily settled I hope in the new house. I want to hear all about the new house and about the boys. God forgive me! I am writing of Rudy as if he was a boy. Don't tell him! The fact is I am getting to be an old man. I shall be fifty if I live till the eighth of this month, and I shall celebrate my birthday by giving a reading at Cleveland. I wish I could transport myself to London.

Yours, my dear Fred, always affectionately,

WILKIE COLLINS.

Providence (the city, not the Deity) paid me 400 dollars in spite of the panic.

Thursday, October 25 [1883?]

MY DEAREST PADRONA, — Whatever you ask me to do is done as a matter of course. I will lunch with you all to-morrow at 1.30 with the greatest pleasure. N.B. — Please order up a handy stick out of the hall for your own use at lunch — (in this way) — namely, to rap me over the knuckles if you find me raising to my guilty and gouty lips any other liquor than weak brandy and water.

Always yours affectionately, W. C.

90 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W. :  
December 14, 1886.

MY DEAR FRED, — Thank you for your letter. Saturday next at 1.30 — with the greatest pleasure.

When my Fred mentions oysters, he never was more happily inspired in his life. And when I add that I am allowed to drink TWO glasses of dry champagne — "now and then" — I offer a statement which does equal honor to my doctor and myself.

Ever yours, W. C.

90 Gloucester Place: February 2, 1887.

Oh! what a wretch I am, dearest Padrona, to be only thanking you now for your delightful letter, and for that adorable photograph of the boy. I may tell you what I told his father when I had the pleasure of meeting him at Berkeley Square, that I must be introduced to your grandson at the earliest possible moment after his arrival in England. I brought away with me after our luncheon such an agreeable impression of Sir Guy Campbell that I must repeat my congratulations to Nina on her marriage. There was but one drawback to my enjoyment when I found myself in those familiar rooms again — the dreadful word "Dead" when I asked after dear little "Buffles."\*

If you were only at the North of Scotland — say Thurso — I would rush to you by steamer and become young again in the fine cold air. But when I think of that fearful French railway journey, and of the southern climate of Cannes, I see madness on my way to the Mediterranean and death in lingering torments on the shores of that celebrated sea. We have had here — after a brief paradise of frost — the British sirocco. Fidgets, aching legs, gloom, vile tempers, neuralgic troubles in the chest — such are the conditions

\* A favorite Skye terrier.

under which I am living, and such the obstacles which have prevented my writing to you long since. "The Guilty River" (I am so glad you like it) has, I am afraid, had something to do with the sort of constitutional collapse which I have endeavored to describe. You know well what a fool I am—or shall I put it mildly, and say how "indiscreet"? For the last week, while I was finishing the story, I worked for twelve hours a day, and galloped along without feeling it, like the old post-horses, while I was hot. Do you remember how the fore legs of those post-horses quivered, and how their heads drooped when they came to the journey's end? That's me, my dear, that's me.

Good God! is "me" grammar? Ought it to be "I"? My poor father paid 90*l.* a year for my education, and I give you my sacred word of honor, I am not sure whether it is "me" or "I."

After this the commonest sense of propriety warns me to remove myself from your observation. I have just assurance enough left to send my love to you, and Nina and her boy, and to remind you that I am always affectionately yours,

WILKIE COLLINS.

8a Wimpole Street, W.: September 3, 1889.

MY DEAR FRED,—A word to report myself to you with my own hand. I am unable to receive Martin to-day, for the reason that I have fallen asleep and the doctor forbids the waking of me. Sleep is my cure, he says, and he is really hopeful of me. Don't notice the blots, my dressing-gown sleeve is too large, but my hand is still steady. Good-bye for the present, dear old friend; we may really hope for healthier days.

My grateful love to the best and dearest of Padronas. Yours ever affectionately,  
WILKIE COLLINS.

[On the 23rd of September Wilkie Collins died.]

GEORGE ELIOT.

G. H. LEWES was on intimate terms with my father-in-law, Robert Chambers, and I met him first in 1853 at Chalcotts, a house Robert Chambers had taken for the summer of that year at Haverstock Hill. Lewes was then chiefly engaged upon the *Westminster Review*. His more solid works belong to a later period. Through him I became acquainted with George Eliot, and at one time saw a great deal of her. What first struck me about her was the strange contrast between the

large head, the masculine, Dantesque features, and the soft, melodious voice, which always cast a spell over me. One might almost have forgotten that she was a woman, so profound was her insight; but I, at least, could never forget while in her company that I was with an exceptional being.

In the autumn and winter of 1866 my wife and family were at Pau, while I was alone in London. George Eliot was a very fair pianist, not gifted, but enthusiastic, and extremely painstaking. During a great part of that time I used to go to her every Monday evening at her house in North Bank, Regent's Park, always taking my violin with me. We played together every piano and violin sonata of Mozart and Beethoven. I knew the traditions of the best players, and was able to give her some hints, which she always received eagerly and thankfully. Our audience consisted of George Lewes only, and he used to groan with delight whenever we were rather successful in playing some beautiful passage. Now that both he and George Eliot are no more, the scene is to me a strange, sad, and quite unique memory.

Some years afterwards they were kind enough to ask me and my wife to join a very small audience, invited to hear Tennyson read his poetry at their house. I had at first some little difficulty in accustoming myself to his very marked Norman dialect, but that done I thoroughly enjoyed the reading. He would interrupt himself every now and then to say quite naïvely, "We now come to one of my best things. This has been tried before me, but not successfully," and so on, acting throughout as his own not quite impartial Greek chorus. He read "The Northern Farmer," and almost the whole of "Maud." We were spellbound, and he seemed to enjoy it so much that his son had at last to make him stop by reminding him of the lateness of the hour.

[The following letter was written to my mother, with whom George Eliot and G. H. Lewes had spent some days in Pau before going on to Spain.]

Barcelona: February 3, 1867.

MY DEAR MRS. LEHMANN,—When one's time is almost all spent out of doors in churches or in theatres, it is not easy to find time for letter writing. But I should have wanted to say a few words to you before we go further South, even if I had not promised to do so. Of course you

have been knit into my thoughts ever since we parted from you, and the memory of you would have been a pure addition to my pleasures if it had not been mixed with repentance at my want of consideration in not insisting on saying a final good-bye to you at night, instead of disturbing you in the morning, when you ought to have been resting from extra excitement. I am sure you felt ill that last morning, and I wish there were any chance of my knowing soon that you are as well as ever again. I have only good news to tell you about ourselves. George is much stronger and looks quite well, but he is not yet fat or robust enough to support a slight sore throat without depression. However, he is in excellent circumstances for getting better, enjoying our travel, and breathing every day delicious air, for since we left Biarritz for San Sebastian, on the 26th, we have had perfect weather, weather such as makes even me feel as if life were a good even for my own sake. We stayed three days at San Sebastian, and were only troubled with two smells out of the registered twenty-five. We walked for hours on the fine sands of the bay, and each evening the sunset was memorable among our sunsets. I hope you saw Passages, and were rowed out there in the sunshine, listening to the soft splash of the oar. From San Sebastian we went to Saragossa, and I think we never enjoyed landscape so much by railway as on this journey; the reason probably is that the rate of swiftness is much lower, and objects remain before the eyes long enough for delight in them. Until we got into Aragon I thought I had never seen so many pretty women or people with such charming manners as in the few days after we left France. But at Saragossa the people are brusque and the beauty had disappeared. Still they were not rude; the Spaniards seem to me to stare less, to be quicker in understanding what foreigners say to them, and to show more good-will without servility in the manners than any other nation I have seen anything of. I longed to be able to sketch one or two of the men with their great striped blankets thrown grandly round them, and a kerchief tied about their heads, who make the chorus to everything that goes on in the open air at Saragossa. They and the far-stretching brown plains with brown sheep-folds, brown towns, and villages, and far-off walls of brown hills, seemed to me more unlike what we think of as European than anything I had seen before. Looking at the brown, window-

less villages, with a few flocks of sheep scattered far apart on the barren plain, I could have fancied myself in Arabia. We stayed a night at Lerida, and here we saw a bit of genuine Spanish life, such a scene on the brown slope of the high hill which is surmounted by the fort—groups of women sitting in the afternoon sunshine, at various kinds of small woman's work, men gambling, men in striped blankets looking on, handsome gypsies making jokes probably at our expense, jokes which we had the advantage of not understanding, and which gave us the advantage of seeing their (the gypsies') white teeth. Then the view from the fort was worth a journey to see, no longer a barren plain, but an olive garden; and the next day in proportion as we got far into Catalonia, the beauty and variety increased. Catalonia deserves to be called a second Provence, or rather, I should say, it is more beautiful than Provence.

Barcelona is of the class of mongrel towns that one can never care for much, except for the sake of climate, and this we are having in perfection. For the rest we are at a good hotel, the cathedral is fine, the people strikingly handsome, and we have popular theatres, a Spanish opera, and an Italian opera, where we can always get good seats. Yesterday we saw a mystery play, "The Shepherds of Bethlehem," at a people's theatre in the little Prado. Except that the notion of decorations was modern, the play itself, in its jokes and its seriousness, differed little from what people delighted in five centuries ago. There was a young actor, who played one of the shepherds, with a head of ideal beauty. In the evening we heard a charming Spanish opera, the music really inspiring, and this evening we are going to hear the "Faust" at the great Opera House, to say nothing of our being now in a hurry to be ready for a popular drama at three o'clock. Pray admire our energy. You can imagine that everything of this sort is interesting to us. We watch the audience as well as the actors, and we try to accustom our ears to the Spanish pronunciation. All this morning we have been bathing in the clear, soft air, and looking at the placid sea. If it continues placid till Wednesday, think of us as starting for Alicante in the steamboat, ultimately for Malaga and Granada.

But I am scribbling unconscionably without much excuse — my only excuse is that I like to fancy myself talking to you. George sends his best love, and we both should like the children to be reminded of

113. Please ask the rosebud Nina to accept a kiss on each cheek, and think one is from Mr. Lewes and the other from Mrs. Lewes. Our joint good wishes and regards to Miss Volckhausen. Get strong, and like to think of us kindly.

Ever yours, most sincerely,

M. E. LEWES.

We have found no hardships hitherto. Even at unsophisticated Lerida, the odors and insects are hibernating.

BARRY CORNWALL.

WINTER AT PAU.

32 Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W.;  
Nov. 7, 1866.

Will you have me in verse? Will you have me in prose?

My dear Mrs. Lehmann? — Ah! nobody knows

How hard (nay, impossible) it has become To show all my heart in a letter from home, Unless the receiver is able to turn My phrases from ink into fire — and learn The meaning of each — the *true* meaning I mean,

And then interpose some soft nothings between.

Now *you* — will you do this? Come, Fred is away

And will not hear a syllable — What do you say?

*He's* in love with his fiddle, but *I* am — ah! you

May now give yourself up unto you know whom (who,

If correct, would the better have suited the rhyme).

*He* — he's thinking of nothing but "tune" and the "time."

How bloom you, my Nina? What's Nina? explain.

Caterina? Christina? Nerina? In vain I beat my dull brains. The true versions depart,

They leave my head empty and sink to my heart,

And there 'tis all "Ina" and "Nina" instead:

These freshen the heart though they injure the head,

My heart therefore — "*cœur*" or "*ma tendresse*," what is it? —

Most lovingly wanders to Pau on a visit. And you, dear, how pass you the day and the night

Since Fred (the deceiver) resolved to take flight?

He came t'other day here — oh, not to see me,

But my wife, whom he meets with detestable glee:

He's going to dine with *her*. Will you believe

She smiled as she asked him, not asking my leave?

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXVIII. 4044

But I'm forced to be calm though I know I'm *de trop*.

Well, patience, I'll pay him off nobly — at Pau;

At Pau, where the sweetest of welcomes (divine

As the beauty of love is) will surely be mine.

Thus far — I can travel no farther, my pen Becomes feeble and inkless. What praises

from men, My dear Nina, can vie with the shout and the jest

That spring from the children you still love the best,

Who cluster around you and tempt you to dream

Of the dear old North country, of mountain and stream.

In dream? Ah! perhaps you may dream of your Fred,

If so, I give up — there's no more to be said. B. C. aged 77 years. X his mark.

*Postscript.*

November 7.

A letter — you tell me of roses and peas, And of cream and of strawberries quite at

your ease, As if we in honest old England don't know

Such words are but boasts — fashioned merely for show,

Not realities. No! the true seasons are here, Fawkes, frost and roast mutton, at this time

of the year.

32 Weymouth Street, Portland Place:  
22nd Nov., 1866.

Many thanks, my dear Mrs. Lehmann, first for your pretty verses, and secondly for your pretty flowers. I wish I could send you any verses in return; but I cannot. I am overwhelmed by the melancholy thoughts of old age. In former days — *i.e.*, before you and Mr. Lehmann were born — I used to show my want of wit in divers "nonsense verses;" but to-day I enter upon my eightieth year, and if I could properly offer you anything it would be a sort of paternal (grand-paternal) blessing, that you might enjoy all fruits and flowers (flowers as pretty and sweet as those you sent me) for many happy years to come.

Dear Mrs. Lehmann,

Your obliged and sincere,

B. W. PROCTER.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

ISSIK KUL AND THE KARA KIRGHESE.

WHEN setting out from Tashkend in May for a posting journey in a Russian tarantass, I was favored with perfect



weather. It was not too hot, and the roads were free from dust—that great drawback to central Asian travel—whilst the route was sufficiently hilly to afford abundance of pleasing landscape. This was especially observable in the extensive view from Bekler-Bek, where we crossed the watershed between the valleys of the Keles and Aris rivers.

Two stations beyond was Chimkend, where the Russians have planted abundance of trees, and where we arrived after a drive of fourteen hours. Colonel Blagoviddoff, the *uyezdi-nachalnik*, or chief of the district, had kindly prepared for me a bed; but I preferred, after supper at his house, to push forward, posting, as the local manner is, through the night. Accordingly we continued our way over a depression between the Kara-tau Mountains on our left and the Ala-tau on the right. This took us out of the basin of the Syr-daria system into that of the Chu, and other streams running down from the Alexander Mountains into the sandy desert west of Lake Balkash. We had a lovely view of mountains all day. The range was still snow-capped, presenting a very different appearance from that I had seen in autumn on my first visit to central Asia. Besides this, the abundance of water now carpeted the steppes with poppies and other flowers, and afforded pasture for vast herds of cattle not yet driven to the mountains by the heat of summer.

In these "pastures new" a Kirghese nomad brought us a skin full of *koumiss*, or fermented mare's milk, some of which we drank with relish, and thus by posting forward we accomplished about one hundred and twenty miles in twenty-four hours, and drove at night into Aulie-ata, with nothing worse than breaking the hood of the tarantass against the gate-post of the station-yard. Aulie-ata I remembered well as a little town that might be called the capital of the Kirghese, since they form so large a proportion of its inhabitants. The place had increased considerably since my previous visit, and now was all ablaze with illuminations during the Muhammadan feast of Ramadan. I did not stay, however, hoping that I might reach Pishpek on Saturday evening and rest there for Sunday.

Soon we passed into the historical region of "Ming-bulak," or the land of a "thousand springs," mentioned by mediæval travellers in central Asia, where the season was not so advanced as we had found it at Tashkend. The nights were rather cold, and, though we had entered

the second half of smiling May, I was not too warm sleeping in the tarantass in my fur-lined overcoat.

At Merke, one hundred and four miles from Aulie-ata, we passed out of the general government of Turkistan into that of the Steppe, over which rules Governor-General Kolpakovsky. Remembering the kind reception this ruler had given me in 1882, and with a lively hope of favors to come, I telegraphed from Tashkend to his Excellency giving the date when I expected to leave, and intimated that I might like to make a detour to Issik Kul, and, in this case, asked his assistance at Pishpek, where the road turns off to the mountains. On the next day came a telegram from the general according me a welcome to central Asia, and saying that he had requested the governor of Semirechia to help me not only towards Issik Kul, but also Kuldja and Kashgar.

Posting again all night we arrived at Pishpek early next morning, and were speedily inquired for by Colonel Pushchin, upon whom, after a few hours' sleep and breakfast, I called. The colonel said he had sent a messenger to Karakol, the seat of administration, two hundred and fifty miles distant, at the extreme east of Lake Issik Kul, to make special arrangements whereby I could pass from thence to Vierny, and he was now ready to change my *padarojna*, or travelling permit, and, having business in that direction, to accompany me part of the way.

After continuous travel of three days and nights it would have been pleasant to rest; but the colonel's business required haste, and after entertaining me at dinner, he proposed that we should start the same evening, and sleep forty miles distant, at Tokmak. Accordingly, we set out in our two vehicles at dusk, all going well until, about midnight, my jehu drove into a ditch, where we stuck so fast indeed that neither coaxing nor whip would get us out. We had, therefore, to wait until the colonel drove forward to the station and sent back help; after which we reached the Russian village of Tokmak and slept in a semi-official rest-house.

On the next day we drove along the valley lowlands, leaving the Chu on our right, and on either hand, in the distance, mountain ranges still sprinkled with snow—the Ala-tau to the left and the Alexander range to the right. We met on the road in carts several Dungans, from the Ili valley, and, after driving eighteen miles, reached Staro (or Old) Tokmak. Then, crossing the Little Kebin River near the

entrance to the Kastek Pass, we drove south-east to the Chu, which was bridged over not far from its confluence with the Great Kebin, the banks of both rivers here being rocky and precipitous. Beyond this point the road became hilly, and it looked ominous of hard travel ahead when, at the next station, Djil Aryk, they gave us five horses, though asking payment only for three.

We now entered the celebrated Buam defile, nearly fifty miles long, the name of which, according to some, is derived from a Mongol word, *bomo*, signifying "a rift," or, as some prefer, "a pathway over precipitous crags bordering a river." Both are true as regards the facts, and we soon found ourselves toiling up ascents that needed all the powers of our five horses, and then descending with locked wheels a narrow road, and that sometimes of bare rock over a cornice without rails or safeguards, overhanging one precipice after another, at the foot of which roared the torrent of the Chu. There was a new road running along by the stream, but it was just then rendered unusable by landslips after recent rains. This compelled us to take the old upper road, strewn with boulders lately rolled down, which terribly jolted our vehicle, and made the carriage-way — already too narrow in some places to allow another tarantass to pass — so perilous as to cause me afterwards to write that, had I known of the dangers incurred I should not have ventured thereon.

On the other hand, there is much on this journey to interest the artistic traveller, who has been rolling incessantly along the wearisome plains, their dull monotony being now exchanged for the ever-varying landscapes of the pass. The road crosses and recrosses the torrent, which sometimes runs between precipitous rocks, and sometimes through small open valleys with occasional meadows and clumps of willows. As a whole, the defile is too bare of trees to be called pretty, though a few poplars are seen here and there jutting out and clinging to the slopes of the mountains, whilst others of the same family grow on the banks of the stream and dip their foliage in its waters. The scenery, however, is certainly grand by reason of gigantic rocks on either hand, and abrupt slopes covered with débris of various colors — grey, whitish, purple, brick-red, black, and yellow. Hiding here and there in the gorges and ravines are little spots of brilliant green, whilst from this crag and that falls a graceful thread-water. Above the

noise of the torrent is heard the cry of the raven, the shouting of the post-boy to his horses, and the tinkle of their bells. Nor is this all, for I noticed enough of red-legged partridges to delight the eye of a sportsman, whilst of other birds there were abundance in the air, but not easily secured on being shot because of the inaccessible places whereon they fell.

Late in the afternoon we approached a fine bridge thrown across the Chu, the repairs of which were being superintended by Mr. Engineer Kapustin, who was camping close by, and who gave us some tea. Shooting seemed to be his principal pastime, and in his lonely condition it was not unnatural that he should desire us to stay, which the colonel did, whilst I pushed forward on a fairly level road on the east bank of the Chu and through magnificent scenery, and a few trees, such as the wild pistachio, growing amidst what seemed to me a new flora of lilies and irids, to Kok-Mainak, where it was arranged we should spend the night.

We were now in the very heart of the Buam defile, which bisects conventionally the most northerly chain of the huge mass of central Asian mountains called the Tian Shan. Towards the east stretches the Trans-Iliian Ala-tau, consisting of two long, high, and parallel chains, known as the Northern and Southern. The Northern ridge presents an uninterrupted mountain-chain, rising in its central portion to the limits of perpetual snow, with an average height of eight thousand feet, and its highest peak, Tal-Cheku, attaining an elevation of 13,353 feet. The Southern range, called Kungei Ala-tau, has a mean elevation of 8,826 feet. Towards the west from the Buam defile stretches the Alexander range, at the foot of which we had travelled all along from Aulie-ata. Judged from its Alpine vegetation, the Alexander range is from nine to ten thousand feet high. Perpetual snow at thirteen thousand feet appears on it opposite Tokmak, and its highest peaks rise to fifteen thousand feet; but the mountains sink as they advance westwards, and the headland of Tek Turmas, near Aulie-ata, has not an absolute height of more than twenty-six hundred feet, or of one hundred and fifty feet above the level there of the river Talas.

This headland, at the western end of the Alexander range, forms an undulating plateau of black sandstone, over which rise bare hills of porphyritic syenite, or a mixture of small crystals of campestrian spar and hornblende with large crystals of the same kind of stone, whilst at the east-

ern end of the range the Buam rift shows clearly the character of the rocks of which the mass is there composed, namely, crystalline, metamorphic, and sedimentary. The gorge of the river Terekty running into the Buam is remarkable for its coal-fields. There exist four distinct beds, accompanied with sandstone. In the Buam defile also are found rich beds of gypsum (sulphate of lime) covered with conglomerate; and it may be further observed that calcareous, as also in general sedimentary, rocks are seen more frequently here on the banks of the Chu, the Katch-Kara, and Naryn Rivers than in the eastern portion of the Tian Shan system.

The post-station at Kok-Mainak stood quite alone, and on rising the next morning and taking a turn outside, the silent solitude was perfectly oppressive. The postmaster, too, unless I am mistaken, was living alone as a bachelor, though his guest-room was singularly neat and comfortable, made ready perhaps for the reception of his district chief and the English traveller. Colonel Pushchin did not accompany me further, but, after early breakfast, sped me forward fifteen miles to the southern end of the pass, where was, or ought to have been, the station Kutemaldy; but the earthquake of the previous year had shaken down the post-house, and a tent only was pitched for the accommodation of travellers. We were now fairly out of the pass, into the basin of Lake Issik Kul, along the entire northern side of which, for one hundred and fifteen miles, we were to have the felicity of driving—a gratification that has fallen to the lot of very few English travellers.

The dimensions of the hollow containing this sheet of water are about one hundred and ten miles long by fifty broad, the lake measuring from twenty to thirty miles wide and lying at an altitude of fifty-three hundred feet above the sea, and extending over an area of 3,104 square miles, or ten times the extent of the Lake of Geneva. Its depths, where the shores are low, is less than six feet; but where precipitous, more than a thousand; and formerly its level was at least two hundred feet higher than now. The water is greenish and clear, but brackish and almost unfit for culinary purposes, though, by reason of being saline, cattle are said to like it. The lake has no islands but many shoals, and from the bottom is thrown up, after storms, a black slag in the form of sand, which the Kara Kirghese collect on the shores, extracting therefrom iron of fair quality. Besides the slag there are traces of warm

mineral springs, which bubble from under the mountain strata, and probably account for the high temperature of the water, which does not freeze.

By way of illustrating this last phenomenon, Mr. Gourdet, the town architect of Vierny, told me that in December, 1875, he had occasion to ride from Karakol, a distance of seven miles, through a temperature of  $17^{\circ}$  (Réaumur), and against a wind that caused much suffering by reason of cold, to the shore of Issik Kul, and there to examine and make a sketch of a boat. On descending to the water, where he was protected from the wind by a high cliff, the temperature was found so warm and agreeable that overcoat and gloves were laid aside, and the needed drawing leisurely made. In returning, however, towards evening the cold had increased on the steppe to  $25^{\circ}$ , and he reached the house with difficulty, almost benumbed and needing an energetic rubbing and application of alcohol to restore circulation to his hands. The origin of the lake is still a problem, as also the fact that, in some places at the bottom, buildings have been discovered, whilst the waves sometimes throw up human bones and skulls, as well as household utensils and bricks.

Our road to the next station lay about a mile from the water, which in some places is as much as eight miles from the mountains, and we passed over sometimes meadow land, sometimes sedge, but rarely through forest-growth of any kind. Bushes appeared only at the mouths of mountain torrents, and then consisted for the most of *oblipikh* covered with narrow, silver-colored leaves, and dwarf trees of hawthorn, barberry, and various kinds of water willow. We passed a picket of Cossacks, changed horses at Tura-Agir, and towards evening arrived at Choktal, where the good-natured postmaster gave us a roasted wild duck, and whence it was determined we should post on through the night.

The shores continued flat, or sloped gently towards the water, but on the central meridian of the lake cross spurs of the mountains run down from both north and south to the water. Here the road lay over steep cliffs overhanging the lake, and in the small hours of the morning I perceived that we had come to a stupendous hill, which caused the horses to jib, nearly backing the tarantass over a break-neck declivity. This caused me, contrary to my custom, to get out and walk; whereupon, the animals again becoming unmanageable, they, or the driver, turned their heads, and, greatly to our alarm, rushed

down from nearly the top of the hill, I following and shouting that the whole concern would be dashed to pieces. Much to our surprise, however, the *yemstchik*, or driver, on reaching the bottom did not stop, but turned and again charged the hill with perfect fury, my servant Joseph and I following to place stones under the tires until, at last, the animals drew up, and I drew breath to give thanks for what I regarded as a merciful deliverance.

From Ui-tal, a picket post-station, we had a pretty drive through meadow lands occupied by the Kara Kirghese, passing on our right the lately erected Russian missionary monastery, and in the afternoon arrived at our destination, Karakol, seven miles from the lake, and a distance of two hundred and fifty-one miles from Pishpek.

On driving into Karakol we were, to a certain extent, breaking new ground. The late Mr. Eugene Schuyler, who travelled Turkistan so thoroughly in 1873, and wrote upon it so well afterwards, drove only to the western end of Issik Kul. Mr. Ashton Dilke about the same date must have driven along its northern shore, because he told me that, when turned back by the officials at Vierny from proceeding towards Tashkend he "dodged" the opposition by going to Kuldja, and then, passing into the mountains to Issik Kul, descended to Tokmak; but he did not mention having visited Karakol; the only English writer known to me who had pushed on to this out-of-the-way place being Mr. Delmar Morgan.

Karakol may be compared in winter to Siberia, and in summer to the Engadine. From November to the close of February the little town is visited by violent storms, and the snow lies more than four feet deep. Spring brings abundant rains and frequent fogs, whilst in summer, from May to July, the heat goes up sometimes to 40° (Réaumur), notwithstanding which the climate is healthy and agreeable.

The oscillations in atmospheric pressure are more frequent than in the plains, and, according to Lohmann, increase the number of respirations and beatings of the pulse so as to be favorable to organic metamorphosis; in fact, recourse has been made to these variations to explain the therapeutic action of mountain air, but Dr. Seeland, chief of the Army Medical Department, whom I met in Vierny, says he has also observed frequently that these oscillations, when too great and rapid, provoke other morbid symptoms — as, for instance, in nervous persons aggravated

irritability, headache, palpitation of the heart, sleeplessness, etc.

Karakol lies at an elevation of nearly six thousand feet, amid charming scenery, at the foot of a magnificent mountain range called the Terskei Ala-tau, which extends all along the southern shore of Issik Kul and continues eastward right up to Khan Tengri, the monarch of the region, which may be seen from Karakol towering up to a height of twenty-four thousand feet, a virgin peak awaiting the attentions of some knight of the Alpine Club. Directly east of Karakol is the Tasma range, over which passes the postal pack-road to the Tekes valley. At the time of our visit these mountains presented a splendid panorama of snow-clad peaks; but I did not hear that mountain-climbing, pure and simple, was much in fashion.

Calling on the uyezdi-nachalnik, I found that he had been kind enough to place a house at my disposal, with a Cossack in attendance; but, finding the abode rather out of the way and foreseeing that my stay would be short, I preferred to put up at the post-house, where I could better get provisions, make sundry repairs, and have my tarantass put in order. Here Colonel Vaouline, whom I met by chance in the street, kindly came to my assistance, sent to me the battalion smith, and helped in other ways.

In the evening I went to a little party gathered at the house of the nachalnik, and met among the guests Colonel Korolkoff, with whose brother, the governor of Ferghana, I had stayed in 1882 in Samarkand. I found, moreover, that the nachalnik had arranged for horses to take me forward; but learned to my disappointment that my only way of proceeding thence to my destination was by going over the Santash Pass in the snow mountains, where there was no shelter or even tent wherein to spend the night, to Djarkend, and thence doubling back two hundred miles to Vierny. This was a great disappointment — first, because I was not equipped for camping out, and next, having been under the impression that I could get down to Vierny by the road somewhat to the east of the lake, which reaches the plains at Chilik in the Ili valley, the idea of going so far out of the way as Djarkend was out of the question. Had we been on horseback matters would have been easier, since there are bridle paths; but with a tarantass there was no other alternative but to return to Pishpek, which accordingly I determined to do.

Less than twenty-four hours sufficed for



a night's rest and to replenish our larder, thanks in part to the good people at the post-house, who cooked for us three chickens at the cost of a rouble, at that time worth less than eighteen pence. A policeman also, who had been told off to guard me and mine, though excused from watching by night, made his reappearance at sunrise, and helped us in sundry minor arrangements, so that before the sun was high we were ready to start. About ten miles from Karakol we crossed the Jergalan River that runs into Issik Kul at Jergalan Bay. Here may be seen encamped in summer the Karakol garrison, whilst scattered about are the tents of the nomad Kara Kirghese.

On my previous visit to central Asia, a friend in Vierny had been anxious that I should see something of those nomads, but I then succeeded only in visiting the Kirghese of the plains, called Kazaks, of whom I afterwards wrote three or four chapters in my "Russian Central Asia." On the present journey I saw only the Kara Kirghese, concerning whom I would make certain observations, partly from what I saw and partly on the authority of Dr. Seeland.

The Kara Kirghese dwell northward, for the most part in the mountainous districts of Issik Kul and Tokmak, but many are found also in the southern portion of the Tian Shan, on Chinese territory. They spread eastward to the Muzart Pass; westward, among the mountains of Ferghana, to Samarkand; and, besides those dwelling on the independent portions of the Pamir, I met on my way to India a few dwellings as far south as the Kilian Pass.

When or whence the Kara Kirghese settled in their present homes is unknown. In certain places the Kalmuks preceded them, but it is noteworthy that all about the Issik Kul valley have been found vestiges — such as hatchets, lamps, spearheads, and sickles — pointing to an ancient people further advanced in civilization than either Kirghese or Kalmuk. Neither of these work in copper or brass, and their agriculture is of yesterday, so that seemingly they had formerly no need of the sickle, whilst the bricks and money discovered all point to another stratum of society, an Altaic origin being usually attributed to the Kirghese because of their language.

I had several opportunities of observing their dress, or, I might add, the want of it, for many were very ragged, and the children ran about naked. Next the skin is worn a long shirt of wool or cotton, and

stockings of felt; then wide trousers of cotton or leather, over which is put a long *khalat*, like a dressing-gown, with long sleeves. They have boots of leather, with goloshes; the shaven head is covered with a *tibeteika*, or skull-cap, which in turn is covered with a fantastically pointed hat of felt or a busby of sheepskin. When travelling in winter the busby is replaced by a *malakhai*, or pointed hood lined with sheepskin and furnished with a flap or curtain covering the neck and shoulders. The costume of the women in many respects resembles that of the men, with one marked difference, however, of head-dress, which, in the case of the married women, is an enormous bonnet or series of bandages of white cotton, covering everything up to the sides of the face, the neck, the shoulders, and part even of the back. The women's hair is plaited into small braids, from which dangle at the end coins among the rich, but with the poor various metallic ornaments, some of them being sufficiently grotesque, as, for instance, odd keys and a broken brass tap, which I saw suspended from the tresses of a fair one at the western end of Issik Kul.

In driving along the lake we saw numerous tents, the only habitation known to the Kara Kirghese. The carcass of their tent resembles a cage, the lower portion of which consists of a trelliswork of rods, which can be extended or folded at will; outside, this carcass is covered with felt. The top of the cupola has a hole that serves for window and chimney, unless bad weather requires this also to be covered with felt; whilst the only entrance is closed by a felt curtain suspended from the lintel of a wooden doorway. The flooring is replaced by felts and carpets, and in the middle is lighted the fire, usually of wormwood, coarse herbage, or dried dung, beneath a huge cauldron and tripod. Rolls of felt and wadded cushions are placed against the trelliswork, on which are suspended household utensils, arms, saddlery, and articles of clothing. It is only the rich who possess tables of wood, and I scarcely remember seeing such a thing as a bedstead.

An ordinary number of persons to a tent may be taken at four, to whom belong, on the average, in the district of Tokmak, one camel, one horse, two horned cattle, and twenty sheep; whilst about Issik Kul each tent possesses only half a camel and one horse, but three horned cattle and twenty-five sheep. A man who possesses sheep by hundreds is counted in easy cir-



circumstances; with more than a thousand he is rich; whilst the poor man has but one horse and a few sheep. Formerly the Kara Kirghese were richer, and they now partly attribute their poverty to the occupation of some of their best lands by Russian colonists and Cossacks, as well as Dungan and Taranchi emigrants from Kuldja.

After driving past the Issik Kul monastery we arrived at Preobajensk, where there came out a man asking medical advice on behalf of his daughter, which I was obliged to decline the honor of giving, though perhaps I could have prescribed as well as some of their Kirghese doctors, who are great believers in "like cures like" and the use of symbolical and sympathetic measures. Thus, for an obstinate attack of yellow jaundice, they wear on the forehead a piece of gold, or better, cause the patient to look at it for a whole day, or, if a piece of gold be lacking, which is generally the case, they substitute a brass basin. A singular remedy is adopted against dyspnoea, or fainting, which they call "mountain sickness." This they represent to themselves under the form of a modest young lady, before whom they utter to the patient the most obscene and disgusting expressions, thinking thereby to shock the lady's chastity and drive her away.

As illustrative of symbolical treatment may be mentioned that if the malady reside in the lungs or liver they give the patient to eat the corresponding parts of an animal, thinking, for instance, to cure ophthalmia by administering the roasted eyes of an ox! Again, the treatment of intermittent fever, and difficult parturition by fright, are still more remarkable. In the latter case, if the child does not appear with becoming celerity, the sage women press the mother, a strong man being called in to help. Sometimes, however, they put the patient upon a horse, which they cause to gallop about; or, better, they resolve to frighten out the devil (for, of course, the disorder can be due to no one else) and make him give up his prey. For this purpose the woman is led in front of the tent supported by the arms and there suddenly rushes out before her a troop of horsemen brandishing their *nagaiikas* or whips, and uttering screams and noises diabolical. These pieces of medical information are given on the authority of Dr. Seeland, after which his remarks are not surprising that such remedies some-

times end in the death of both mother and child.

Towards the western end of the lake we turned aside from the post-road to a few Kirghese dwellings on the shore. Here we were told some fish would be procurable, and so there were, but suitable for cooking rather than specimens (which was what I wanted), some being salted and others cut up and dried. Prices, however, were not ruinous. Threepence three farthings for half-a-dozen large fish was said to be an exorbitant demand, and three halfpence was nearer what should have been asked. In the present cluster of dwellings we saw the last of the Kara Kirghese, and I attempted a photograph of the western end of the lake, with the Terskei Ala-tau in the distance, and a group of Kirghese women and their ragged children in the foreground.

The Kirghese women marry young, often at fifteen, sometimes at thirteen; and the *kalim* paid for a rich bride varies from forty to one hundred and twenty sheep or more, besides which, presents are tendered of clothing and jewelry such as give the bride on the wedding-day a somewhat splendid appearance.

When this is reduced to the level of every-day life, and children come on apace, the Kirghese wife has no easy time of it, as we saw in the tents at Issik Kul. Entering one of them I found within a number of lambs and kids taken in for shelter, whilst without were some of their skins stretched in the sun and covered apparently with lime, but the whole indicated poverty. They seemed to have no objection to my photographic operations, which finished, and having taken a last look at the beautiful lake, we drove to Kutemaldi, posted again over two stages with five horses, and arrived at Pishpek early on the following morning.

I should have greatly preferred to have gone from Tokmak by the old mountain road over the Kastek Pass, followed, I take it, by the travellers of the Middle Ages; but it was said to be all but unusable for a tarantass, and with no postal accommodation, so that the only alternative was to proceed by the longer road made by the Russians in the plains. Accordingly, after stopping a few hours at Pishpek, and taking lunch with Colonel Pushchin, we started for Vierny, thus bringing to a conclusion a pleasant detour to Issik Kul and the tents of the Kara Kirghese.

HENRY LANSDALL.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MRS. DRIFFIELD.

A SKETCH.

OUR house stands in a quiet, almost suburban side street, and it has no area entrance; consequently when Mrs. Driffeld calls this is what happens.

First, the garden gate gives a sad, long shriek; it never shrieks for me or my ordinary guests, so I suppose Mrs. Driffeld bears heavily upon it, as Goethe said his countrymen did on life. Then there comes an undecided pattering about the doorstep, as if the visitor could not determine whether she were worthy to use the scraper or not. Presently this too ceases, and just as you come to the conclusion that it was a false alarm or a wandering advertisement there is a single helpless "flop" of the knocker, which means Mrs. Driffeld, and nothing else in the world. She never disappoints you, never fails to be Mrs. Driffeld, after the process of the gate-screaming, the step-pattering, the knocker-dabbing is gone through; the whole thing takes from seven to ten minutes, according to fine or wet weather, and you are glad when you know the worst.

"Mrs. Driffeld has called and would like to see you, ma'am."

"Very well. I'll come directly; ask her to sit down in the hall. Ellen" (this confidentially to the maid), "is it just a usual, indefinite visit, or has she something to sell?"

"I am not sure, ma'am, but I'm afraid she has something under her shawl."

This is the worst kind of visit!

It is no good sitting down to finish a note or get to the end of a chapter after this. The shadow of Mrs. Driffeld lies upon me, the burden of the mystery which she carries under her shawl.

As I look longingly at my book, her reproachful single cough resounds from the hall; I know that I must go down and buy "it," whether it be her own crochet, or her carpenter-son's fretwork, or the shell ornaments from Venice which her sailor-son consigned to her care before drowning, or the "shot violet parasole" which her youngest daughter's mistress at Haverstock Hill gave her as good as new, "The summer the family went to Westgate-on-Sea, which is not suitable, ma'am, for my girl, and more in your line, I venture to remark, as can afford to dress handsome."

Buying old clothes being not really in my line at all, I have stood out against the

"shot violet" so far, deftly turning the conversation in every other direction so soon as it crops up; but nevertheless I feel that sleight of tongue will not avail me forever, and sooner or later I shall be caught in the toils of this violet web.

"I just called in, ma'am, to ask how you was, not having seen you about lately and the weather so treacherous, and I ventured to bring you this to look at."

Then I know my doom is sealed.

Mrs. Driffeld is a small person, with a large face, like the face of a sad, old, white horse. She dresses in very deep mourning, save for a crimson paper rose which flames in the forehead of her crape bonnet; she has a pair of black *suede* gloves through which her fingers, crippled with rheumatism, poke ostentatiously. She can do rough needlework and charring with these crooked hands, but their knobs and distortions are a source of unalloyed pride to her.

"Dr. Evans, at the 'Spensary, he's said to me many a time, 'Mrs. Driffeld,' he says, 'it's a wonder to me how you holds anything at all, and it's as good as a play to see you pick up a sixpence.' But I always answers him that the wind *is* tempered, ma'am, which it need be indeed to me, for the dear, good man's cut off with this influenzy, and never another sixpence shall I ever have off him. Which brings me back to what I was saying, and what I was a-going to show you."

"Mrs. Driffeld," I say severely, "you oughtn't to be reduced to this selling, which is only another form of begging. You are the mother of eleven children, and surely they ought to be able to help you; if not, you know, you ought to make up your mind to go into the House."

"Thirteen, dear, thirteen," corrects my visitor — "thirteen of my own, buried and unburied, not to speak of other people's!" And I recollect myself to accredit her with her lawful (though unattractive) baker's dozen, and to recall that in her day she has been a Gamp of some celebrity, a fact which she somehow always classes with her own claims as a mother in Israel.

"That's where it is, ma'am," she now goes off triumphantly; "if Driffeld and me hadn't brought up thirteen and buried five of them respectably" [she seemed to have a notion that the grave was as good a start as any other] "on two-and-twenty shillings a week I wouldn't have said nothink; but seeing that we have, and him took off at sixty-four with nothing more than a poisoned finger, I do feel it hard that we shouldn't get no better re-

ward than them as has spendthrifted and worse all their days."

Her reasoning is somewhat involved, but I recognize the truth of her argument. Is the House to be the end of thrifty and unthrifty alike, of the toiling parents of thirteen as well as of the out-at-elbows vagabond whose family are "on the parish" all their lives, more or less?

"Doesn't your clergyman help you?" I say, feebly fencing against the "shot violet parasole," which I now see plainly protruding from her scanty skirts.

"Not he, dear, not he! You see I have always gone to St. Augustine's, and dressed genteel in spite of the pinch at home, and St. Augustine's is what you may call a very elegant church. To be sure, I *have* heard them pray for the fruits of the earth in due season; but I don't suppose there's one of the gentlemen there as don't sit down to his forced strawberries and his early peas every day to his luncheon or his meat-tea. Everything's done very high there, I assure you, and nothink much given away, unless it be charity ordinations and such like, which I don't care about myself."

What sort of wholesale means of grace "charity ordinations" comprise I am at a loss to determine, but from Mrs. Driffield's sniff I conclude that they are obsolete or insufficient.

"Since Elisha went, I've not been so regular at church as I might ha' been, I confess," Mrs. Driffield goes on candidly; "but p'rhaps I've done more Bible readin' at home," and she looks at me with her long, old face slightly tilted on one side, to see if I am going to dispute this hypothesis.

"You could not do better," I remark judicially.

"It's a wonderful book, ma'am; something for everybody in it, and something for every time. There's sad chapters to take you down a bit when you feel cheerful, and merry chapters to pick you up when you feel sad. My favorite chapter of all, dear, is in St. Luke; many a laugh I've had over that christening."

"What chapter is that, Mrs. Driffield?"

"Why, the christening at Zacharias's, dear, when he took 'em all in so about the baby's name! They all thought as he was to be called after the grandpa, an' then Zacharias he ups and says, 'His name is John,' and John it had to be, sure enough! That Zacharias must 'a been a merry man; any way, he's given me many a good laugh when I've been feeling a bit down, — after Elisha went more pertiklery."

I think of our careful, studious vicar who begs we will give our poor neighbors "sound Church principles" to work upon, and I withhold all comment from this new reading of the first chapter of St. Luke.

The "Elisha" to whom Mrs. Driffield constantly refers is a poor, ne'er-do-well daughter, who, after living with her mother a few months of her widowhood, drifted into the surf of London street-life and had not re-emerged. Her real name I presently discovered to be Alicia. "A fancy name," the mother explained, "came to me, sudden-like, while I was pickin' a few wrinkles the night before she was born; seems almost as if it was a judgment that she should be the one to go wrong; but after all, one out of thirteen don't seem much, do it, dear, when all's said and done? After she left me, I took and sanctified the name, so to speak, and calls it Elisha. Yes, I expects her to come back some day; I'm sure of it, and that's why I stops on at the old place, that she may know where to come to. She always had high notions, poor girl, through bein' deceived by a butler at her first place, so I try to keep out of the house on her account; not to give her a shock, like, if she came back sudden. An' if you *could* find a use for this, ma'am" (suddenly unsheathing her weapon) —

I temporize, for the time being, with a shilling.

One evening, about six o'clock, "by the pricking of my thumb" and other signs, I know that Mrs. Driffield has arrived. Did I mention that she always chooses twilight for her visits, and prefers miserable weather, when she enters with a gust of rain and stands in a puddle of her own dripping? To-night her hands are empty and ungloved, her flaccid face has a gleam of excitement playing on its empty surface, her head jerks restlessly to and fro. "Elisha has come back, ma'am, an' I've made up my mind to go into the House!"

"Why, Mrs. Driffield, this *is* news! But why should you go into the House now that your daughter is back? Won't she live with you, and help you?"

"You see, ma'am, she have brought back a young man — a sailor, I think, leastways a fishmonger — that is willin' to marry her if she'd got but a few bits o' things to start with. An' I thought I'd better let her have my bits o' sticks and go into the House. If I could see Elisha respectably joined together in holy matrimony, it wouldn't much matter what became o' me afterwards, would it, dear? And as you was the only friend I had, I

thought I'd come an' tell you, an' then you'd know why I didn't call again. I'm sure I return you many thanks for all your kindness, and every one in this house, small and great."

"Mrs. Driffield," I say impulsively, with a choking somehow in my throat, "you used to have a pretty purple parasol. If you would like to sell it, I should be very glad to give you half-a-crown for it; you may want a little money to settle your affairs or take with you."

"Thank you, dear," says Mrs. Driffield, shaking her head from side to side, "thank you, but that's gone too! I did think I should like you to have had that—shot voilet it were, with old gold underneath—but I gave it over, with everything else, to Elisha, and she just hollered out with pleasure when she saw it, and put it up over her head in my back parlor, for all the world like a baby. I told her there was nothing so unlucky as puttin' up an umberella indoors; but she says her luck's turned, and she don't care a snap now that she has a home of her own. So once more thanking you, dear, I must be going."

Passing by chance next day through the street where Mrs. Driffield had struggled so long alone, I saw a hand-truck at her door, and a villainous-looking fellow,—who certainly was not a sailor, and as for a fishmonger, I doubt if he were so honest a man—loading it with her "bits o' sticks." Elisha came bawling down the steps, hurling a feather-bed before her, which was piled on the barrow, and then the cavalcade started. As they turned the corner a drizzle of rain was beginning, and Elisha unfurled a purple parasol over the load. I could only hope they were "respectably joined together," as Mrs. Driffield quoted it, and had not got the furniture on false pretences.

---

From Chambers' Journal.

#### AUSTRALIA'S FIRST FLEET.

THE arrangement whereby Australia has become possessed of a navy is the first of its kind recorded in history. It is hard to say whether commercial keenness or martial ambition is the leading feature of the transaction. Australia, like other places, suffers from war scares. Russia and China take turn about at playing bogie man, and at these times affrighted colonists turn their eyes wistfully to the blue Pacific. A couple of fast cruisers could pillage the capitals in a day and a night. Yet, as

scare after scare subsided, there was nothing done. A hazy idea of England's protecting presence survived. It was readily enough felt that an attack upon Australia would be made only when England would be herself at war, and that, as a consequence, the amount of protection available would be a risky quantity. Still, where was a way out?

To build and maintain a fleet was too expensive. To go on as a dependent upon the arms of England was beneath the dignity of a country of large ambitions. Under this latter aspect leading colonists were in the habit of conjuring up visions of the toil-worn, poverty-stricken people of Britain paying taxes to support a British squadron in Australian waters for the protection of the interests of comparatively opulent cities; this was the point around which the late Sir Alexander Stuart and Mr. Dalley constructed imperialistic theories. They desired Australia to pay for the use of the British squadron. The opposing theory was that Australia should obtain on terms a fleet of her own.

After many years of discussion and some very close bargaining, this latter theory has been reduced to fact, and a fleet of seven warships are now moored in the waters of Port Jackson.

The terms redound to the credit of the commercial aptitude of the colonies. The Admiralty spent over nine hundred thousand pounds on building and equipment. The colonies had agreed to pay five per cent. per annum on the initial outlay, but set the limit at an estimate of seven hundred thousand pounds. As is usual with estimates, the actual cost turned out almost a third more, so that Australia receives the advantage of an extra two hundred thousand pounds without having to pay any interest. There was a general understanding that the cost of manning and maintenance would be borne wholly by the colonies. In the signed agreement this understanding is reserved. It is there provided that in time of emergency or actual war the cost of commissioning three of the vessels shall be borne by Great Britain. Australia's contribution to the Admiralty will be thirty-five thousand pounds a year for ten years, at the end of which time the Admiralty may take the vessels back. As, at the present rate of scientific progress, the ships of war of 1901 will be in all likelihood very different from what they are to-day, the provision returning the fleet to the Admiralty is cheerfully acquiesced in by the colonies.

Throughout the negotiations, the Ad-

miralty showed a disposition to give the colonies everything they wanted. When monetary matters were determined, the naming of the ships came up. The Admiralty proposed to call one the Pandora. The colonies objected, and at their suggestion she was called the Katoomba. Similarly, the Admiralty-given names of Peloris, Persian, Phoenix, Wizard, and Whiting were changed to Mildura, Walaroo, Tauranga, Karralatta, and Boomerang. All these are the native names of Australian places, or of articles and implements known to the aboriginals.

Thus has Australia possessed herself of a necessary part of her national outfit. It is the first instance on record of a colony and a parent country entering upon an alliance in such terms.

From Temple Bar.

#### A NIGHT WITH JAPANESE FIREMEN.

No country in the world, not even excepting Turkey, suffers so frequently and so terribly from the scourge of fire as Japan. The reasons are evident. Owing to the prevalence of earthquakes, the houses are principally built of wood, the constant use of cheap, highly inflammable kerosene oil, the passion for adorning tea-houses and places of entertainment with flimsy paper lanterns, which are generally swinging close to mat blinds and paper windows, and the happy-go-lucky character of the people, being the most prominent.

A fire in Japan is generally a very substantial reality, for, once under way, it scorns to pause after the destruction of a single house, or indeed of half-a-dozen, but speeds with incredible rapidity over entire villages and entire quarters of a town. Hence the remarkable scarceness of really ancient edifices in one of the world's most ancient empires. Matters have changed nowadays, but ten years ago the safeguards against the terrible national scourge were miserably inadequate. The native fire-engines, wooden squirts of antique pattern and of the rudest manufacture, were about as efficacious as so many garden syringes. There was a good deal of pomp and show in the way of mounted officials in picturesque dress, gaudy standards, and mystic insignia; but in nine cases out of ten, when a fire got well alight, it burned itself out, and, for aught the native firemen did to check it, they might have been snugly snoring between their quilts.

In the foreign settlement of Yokohama Western science of course did its best to obviate this state of affairs, for, although the native quarter was most frequently the seat of these destructive visitations, rarely a month passed during the winter months without the record of one or more fires among the more solid habitations of the foreigners.

We had two steam fire-engines, British and American respectively, manned by British and American volunteers, principally the young commercial men of the settlement, active, athletic fellows who joined as much, it must be said, for the fun of the thing, as from any impulse of duty towards the community; and these rival companies throughout the fire season ran a neck-and-neck race for supremacy in the most friendly manner, and together were of more practical value than all the native brigades with ten times the number of men. The Japanese authorities, of course, secretly recognized this superiority, but at the same time the Japanese official, ready as he was beginning to be to let his hair grow in Western fashion, to wear Western shoe-leather, and to appreciate Western liquor, had not yet quite learned to smother his old national pride, and was only toying with these allurements of Western civilization which he now so eagerly and enthusiastically embraces, so that when the fire-bell rang out, forth he came with his plumes and standards, and shouts and excitement, in the good old fashion of his forefathers, and, as often as not, had to submit to the mortification of seeing the errand upon which he was bent performed by these same foreigners whom he affected to despise.

Matters, however, could not go on like this. In two successive weeks two big fires destroyed a section of the city of Tokio, whilst a brand-new steam fire-engine was being veiled in cobwebs in a shed, because the "Yamato Daishi"—the spirit of old Japan—would not permit use being made of it. A meeting of wise men was held as a result, and a long confab gave birth to the following invitation, which was sent to the captain of the American Fire Company, to a French officer, and to the writer of this paper:—

"Kikuchi, chief of the Tokio firemen, offer his wish to Mr. X—, and he can come to food when so likes him at Firemen's office, Shinagawa, Tokio."

"The thin end of the wedge. The old fellow is going to get all he can out of us about his engine," was our unanimous comment upon this extraordinary epistle. To



Shinagawa, a suburb of Tokio enjoying a very ill repute, we therefore went on a bitter snowy evening of December, prepared for possible emergencies by donning waterproofs and big boots.

The Shinagawa fire-station was sufficiently conspicuous by its tall ladder surmounted by a fire-bell, its pyramidal piles of buckets, and its two huge lanterns; and that we were to be the recipients of unusual attention was evident from the appearance of the entire fire company, drawn up in front of the house to greet us.

Smart, active-looking, muscular little fellows these firemen were, attired in coarse overall suits of blue, adorned on breast and back with white hieroglyphics, and wearing hoods over their heads and faces with eyeholes which reminded us of the *cagoules* worn by the Italian brothers of the Misericordia.

The captain and his lieutenant, attired in full war-paint, which made them look as if they had stepped down from an ancient bronze or lacquer tray, received us with the customary prostrations and guttural expressions of abject unworthiness, and showed us round the station, explaining the antiquated squirt-boxes, hooks, ladders, standards, and other paraphernalia, with which we were in duty bound to express ourselves surprised and delighted.

Then we were ushered into a large apartment, made by the simple process of taking down sliding doors and screens and so knocking half-a-dozen rooms into one, wherein there was evidence of a banquet. To describe this banquet does not come within the province of this paper. Suffice it therefore to say, that we disposed of a very satisfactory quantity of viands, commencing with sweet seaweed and winding up with stewed eels, and, had we yielded to the pressing invitations of our hosts, would have disposed of a far from satisfactory quantity of wine, which was hot and of the famous brands known as the wine of the Three Virtues, the wine of the Carp Saltant, and the wine of the Red Arrow.

Then we pulled out cigars, and chatted and joked all the time that our ears were eagerly listening for the weird, solemn voice of the *hanshô* or fire-bell. But hour after hour slipped by, light after light disappeared from the world outside; the watchman with his staff of jingling rings croaked out midnight, a few roisterers alone broke the silence of the sleeping streets with their songs and shouts, and the great alarm-bell hung dark and mute

high up, as it were, amongst the snow-clouds.

Our hosts plied us with questions concerning the manipulation of our fire-engines; that is to say, indirectly they wanted to learn how to handle their own white elephant, and we gave them full information. Still, we had not come all this way in such weather precisely with this object; we began to fidget about catching the last train back to Yokohama. But our hosts would not hear of our departure, and as we were sufficiently versed in the intricacies of Japanese etiquette to be aware that by breaking up the party against the wish of the entertainer we should be committing a heinous offence, we remained, nursing the perhaps villainous hope that the fire-bell would ring. Suddenly our practised ears caught its distant boom. Everybody else heard it, and the effect was electrical. Whilst one of the men ran up the ladder and began to hammer away at our station bell, the officers huddled on their uniforms, and sprang on to their horses, kept ready caparisoned, the captain arming himself with a huge wisp of horsehair, the lieutenant seizing his standard—a spear from the end of which hung a horse-tail. Meanwhile, with much shouting and, no doubt, bad language, the “brigade” had harnessed itself to the three squirts, and the procession was formed—officers leading, engines next, hook and ladder men with us three visitors bringing up the rear.

Out we went into the snow-bound street, up which a fierce north-easter was sweeping. All Shinagawa seemed to have sprung into active life during the few minutes which had elapsed since the first notes of the fire-bell. As if by magic, houses, but a few minutes since dark, silent, and lifeless, burst forth into light and life. Lanterns danced about in all directions like huge fireflies, throwing weird shadows on the white ground, and making the surrounding darkness more intense. Men, women, and children swarmed out of every doorway, clustered about the first-floor balconies, and even crowded the roofs, all chattering, gesticulating, and uttering exclamations of terror and wonder as they gazed at the broad, lurid glare in the sky. Far away as they were from the scene of conflagration, there was no retiring after their first curiosity had been satisfied. A man in Victoria Street, Westminster, who sees the reflection of a fire, say in the City, may go to bed with a certain sense of

security, but because two or three miles separates the Japanese spectator from the burning houses he can be by no means sure that in the course of an hour or so he may not have to rush out of his house with as many of his Lares and Penates as he can gather together.

On we went, stumbling, tripping, blundering through the ankle-deep snow, bursting through the crowd, remorselessly bowling over those who were in the way, urged forward by the wild chorus of the engine coolies in front, who tugged and strained and laughed and chaffed with their characteristic devil-may-careishness and buoyancy of spirits.

When we reached the locality of the fire a striking scene was presented to our eyes. From half-a-dozen houses the flames were bursting forth with almost demoniacal noise and fury. Half-a-dozen more had already been gutted, and were mere shapeless shells of smouldering timber. Hundreds of men and women were staggering out of the houses in the line of fire beneath the weight of their humble household gods, whilst piles of bedding, domestic utensils, stocks in trade, and all sorts of lumber lay about in the snow. More than once a quartette of men swiftly passed us bearing on their shoulders a shapeless something wrapped in dark cloth, and we knew that the fire had claimed other victims than mere shanties of paper and wood.

Our squirts got to work with commendable smartness, and, as there happened to be an abundance of water, were soon pouring their feeble dribbles on the flames. We could see our captain far ahead, waving and gesticulating with his switch, and aloft on the roof of the house next the fire stood out in clear black silhouette against the red light of the flames the figure of the lieutenant brandishing his horse-tail standard. From him the firemen seemed to take their cue, as he took his from the captain, only retreating as he did, which was sometimes, apparently, when the flames were almost around him.

Thud! thud! thud! went the squirt handles; but the flames seemed to roar with laughter and dance as if in mockery of the poor little thin streams of water which were turned on them, and drove the lieutenant from house to house with such rapidity that more than once it seemed as if nothing but a miracle could save him.

Meanwhile the hook and ladder corps was hard at work, and if we smiled with contempt at the puny efforts of the "engines," we could not withhold our hearty

applause at the indomitable pluck, the energy and the activity of the poor little fellows who manipulated the hooks and ladders. Salamander-like, they seemed to revel in work where the flames were fiercest and the danger greatest. Here one was swinging from beam to beam like a monkey; here another was fastening a grapnel to a tottering upright with the flames licking his very hands; here a group of half-a-dozen urged to the cadence of a weird chorus a huge, double-pronged pole against the side walls of a house, quite unmindful of falling tiles and timbers, blinding sparks and suffocating smoke, leaping into safety with childish laughter, and cheering as the mass came down with a terrific crash and a scattering abroad of hissing, sputtering fragments.

But *cui bono* all this heroic dash and self-sacrifice unbacked up by common sense? We three representatives of the West watched it all with almost a feeling of anger that, for the sake of a little pride-pocketing, such a wanton destruction of hearths and homes, such a risk of valuable lives should be tolerated by a people in so many other respects advanced thinkers and practical reformers. One engine from Watling Street or a single American fire company could have nipped the fire in the bud an hour before; but we were invited guests, and besides, being quite aware of the delicate grounds upon which the relationship between us and our Japanese hosts stood, were diffident in proffering advice. But at last we could stand it no longer, for the fire, ably seconded in its ravages by a brisk north-east wind, threatened to consume the entire quarter as far as the city boundaries. So we pushed our way forward to where the captain was thundering anathemas and exhortations in a manner which plainly betrayed that he had lost self-control, and with due humility suggested that if the hook and ladder company was to turn its attentions to a group of yet unburnt houses standing in the direct line of the fire, instead of wasting energy worthy of a better cause upon houses which nothing could save, a gap would be created over which the flames, furious as they were, would hardly leap.

The old gentleman did not welcome our suggestion with enthusiasm nor did we expect that he would. Indeed he affected to treat it cavalierly, and, under the plea that we were standing in a dangerous position, motioned us back into the crowd. But we had the satisfaction of observing that the extreme urgency of the situation had prompted him to act on our advice,

and we presently saw the hook and ladder company limber up and dash off at the double towards the group of houses indicated by us. The inhabitants of these shanties, squatting outside with their heaps of goods and chattels, evidently clinging with true old-world tenacity to the hope that the gods or the firemen or something would stave calamity off their homes, remonstrated warmly when the hook and ladder men told them they were about to take the unheard-of step of pulling down untouched houses; but the captain riding up soon silenced their objections in a harangue which from its sound was evidently very much more forcible than elegant, and the work of destruction, or rather of salvation, commenced, and in a very few minutes the hooks and battering poles had made an open space which was an effectual bar to the progress of the flames. But even they seemed to be imbued with a spirit of patriotism, for they made fierce efforts to leap the gulf and so nullify the counsel of the "foreign devils." But feebler and feebler grew their leaps, and gradually they subsided into a grumbling and snorting and hissing which seemed to express almost in language baffled rage. So at four o'clock in the morning the great Shinagawa fire was stayed, and we returned to the fire station with our hosts and their bruised and singed subordinates. At first the old captain did not seem over-pleased at the successful result of our advice, but a few cups of *saki* thawed him into good humor, and he expanded so far as to thank us heartily, and to promise that if we happened to be present at another fire in his section we should see matters differently managed.

Six weeks afterwards I happened to be in Tokio, and curiosity led me to the shed where last I had seen the steam fire-engine with its cobwebs. Alas! there it was, rusty and forlorn, a grand plaything for the boys, weeds clambering about its wheels, and big cobwebs festooning its ungetatable parts. Had it ever been used? I asked of a bystander. No. But the authorities had made new engines for themselves, with which they were perfectly satisfied, was the answer. But this was twelve long years ago, and I doubt not that if the inhabitants of Japan have advanced in the science of protecting their cities from fire with the same strides they have made in other directions, my old friends the captain and his lieutenant, with their armor and standards and squirts, have long since been relegated to the limbo of curiosities of the past.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### A NEW TASMANIAN TOWNSHIP.

ZEEHAN is a recently formed township and mining centre in the county of Montagu, on the west coast of Tasmania. When, in 1642, Abel Janszoon Tasman was despatched from Batavia by Anthony Van Diemen, the governor-general, and the Council of Netherlands-India, on an expedition having for its object the discovery of the reported Great Southern Continent, the first land he sighted, after leaving the then Dutch colony of Mauritius, proved to be the west coast of Tasmania. This land, discovered on the 24th of November, 1642; appeared to be mountainous and clothed with dark forest, and in these respects differed from the low, sandy shores ascribed to the Great Southern Continent by previous navigators. Recognizing it as a hitherto unknown territory, Tasman named it "Anthony Van Diemen's Land;" and to the most prominent summits first visible he gave the names of the two ships Heemskirk and Zeehan (Seahen) which comprised his expedition.

Mount Zeehan, thus discovered and christened two and a half centuries ago, remained until the last decade an absolute *terra incognita*. Though no more than ten miles distant from the western shores of the island, approach towards it, either from the sea-board or from lands lying north, east, or south, was, until lately, almost impracticable, by reason of the impassable nature of the country—alternating with hill and swamp, covered with dense forest and scrub, or equally impenetrable button grass.

In 1884, Frank H. Long and William Johnstone setting out from Mount Bischoff to prospect for tin or gold, entered the district around Mount Zeehan, and discovered silver-lead ore in great abundance; but the news of this discovery was disseminated slowly. In March, 1885, two proprietary companies had established themselves on the Zeehan silver field.

In March, 1888, an extent of country measuring north to south six to seven miles, and east to west two to three miles, had been proved to be silver-bearing; and at the close of that year twenty-five thousand acres had been let on lease by government as mining claims of forty to eighty acres each. Owing to its inaccessibility, only seventy men were then at work on the field. The colonial parliament at this time voted a preliminary sum for the survey of a railway to connect

the field with the port of Strahan, on Macquarie harbor, twenty-nine miles distant. This railway was practically completed at the close of 1891.

In March, 1889, the population of the Zeehan field scarcely exceeded one hundred. In September, 1890, it was estimated at two thousand; and at the close of 1891, at not fewer than seven thousand persons, ranking then as the third town in Tasmania.

The township of Zeehan was formally incorporated in 1891, and the erection of hotels and public buildings has proceeded with great rapidity. A tri-weekly newspaper was started in Zeehan in October, 1890; and in October, 1891, it became a morning daily, with a daily evening issue as well.

According to the "Report of the Minister of Mines" on 30th June 1891, the mining claims leased around Zeehan extend over a tract of country from Mount Zeehan north-eastwards for a distance of about twenty miles, with a breadth of about eight miles, and an area of eighty-seven thousand acres. The geological formation of the district proves it to be of Silurian age. In the northern part of the field, around Mount Dundas, carbonated ores of lead are principally found, while around Zeehan, galena is the predominating mineral. Both of these are very rich in silver. The first five hundred tons of galena ore from Zeehan, received in this country during 1891, contained sixty-six per cent. of lead and one hundred and ten ounces of silver per ton.

---

From "Greater Britain."

#### IMPRESSIONS OF AN AUSTRALIAN IN LONDON.

THE business aptitude and economy of time displayed by the great majority of London traders are deserving of the highest commendation. But in relation to some of the large houses of even London itself, I have been rather surprised at some of the "slow-coach" hands in the establishments. I fancy Australians could here and there give them a wrinkle or two, sharp as Londoners may consider themselves. One good feature I specially note in most of the houses, and it is the desire to restrict the system of credit. "Cash down" is the safe rule, and many seem to be aiming at that, on the principle of smaller profits with quicker returns. And I cannot help thinking that for every-

day traders the adoption of Franklin's economical maxims and principles will be most advantageous to all concerned. A line or two as to prices. Generally speaking, they are low. But in some places on the Continent the price of similar articles is lower still. In this respect the higher rate of wages in Australia will not enable that country, with many manufactures still in their infancy, to compare favorably.

In politics I am a Radical. I believe in marching forward as the ages move onward. Therefore I oppose the old notion that all things should continue as they are. The divisions and strife and turmoil of political life are happily not so pronounced in Australia as in England. I notice by the press, in meetings I have attended, and in conversation with individuals, numerous instances of the very strong party spirit which exists. An intelligent business man I met is a Conservative. All would probably have gone "merry as a marriage bell," but for one objection. The moment he discovered my Liberal tendencies his manner was entirely changed. That Liberalism was the fly in the pot of ointment which had the effect of spoiling the whole. His bearing became more and more distant, and the temperature of friendliness fell below zero.

There appears to be a well-founded complaint that the parson and squire dominate the political affairs of the country. In Australia it is not so. Whilst I believe in the right of ministers to direct men in religious concerns, and to maintain a high moral tone in society, I object emphatically to electors being dominated at the ballot-box by the power of money and influence of wealth. Great battles will have to be fought ere long in the political arena. The incident of taxation requires radical change. Land laws must be altered. Fixity of tenure should be extended. Freer access must be given to the land, and a right to acquire the fee simple of the land, as in Australia, where the system of leasehold, except for business premises, is extremely limited. And with these reforms must also come speedily a cheap and easy plan of land transfer, such as that prevailing in Australia, and known as the Real Property Act law. The present attitude of the classes must be changed, and the legitimate demands of the masses more fully recognized, or there will be strikes and strifes, or possibly a revolution, on a gigantic scale. But some of these reforms are not far distant.

Notwithstanding all the religious and philanthropic efforts of Churches and

Christian reformers, there is yet a great work to be done. It is appalling in the highest degree to see how vice and shame flaunt themselves by day and night in the great cities of England, and especially in London. Not in Whitechapel, Stepney, and Poplar districts only, but in such fashionable parts as Charing Cross, Piccadilly, and Oxford Street. I have been much impressed, however, by the vast number of Christian agencies in operation in and around London. In the churches, too, I have observed, with much satisfaction, the spirit of devotion and reverence, particularly amongst young men and women, such as I have not seen elsewhere. Certainly this augurs well for the future. But I cannot fail to notice in many of the churches of the established order (Episcopalian) the meagre attendances at the services. Are not these certain signs of disintegration, and will they not assuredly hasten the disestablishment of the Church? I notice that popular services elsewhere, adapted for the multitudes, are well attended, and on several occasions I have been obliged to attend from half to three-quarters of an hour before the ap-

pointed time to obtain a seat, or even standing room.

The poor will, I suppose, always be found in London, but I cannot help thinking some organized effort might be made on their behalf, and after suitable tests they could have a better chance in other lands.

I consider the cost of decent living in London is excessive, and feel more contented to reside in Australia, where provisions, fruit, meat, and bread are cheaper.

The omnibus traffic is wonderful and well regulated in the streets, and the fares remarkably cheap. I am astonished at the extent of parks and reserves in London, considering the high prices of land there; but I sincerely hope no attempt will be made to curtail the privileges of citizens in obtaining access to these beautiful grounds.

Shelters for the poor are doing a good and necessary work. The Salvation Army and others are entitled to much praise for providing these useful places. I cannot help feeling that General Booth and his officers are on the right track for uplifting the fallen and outcast of London.

CHARLES H. MATTERS.

STORIES about the late Duke of Devonshire are few and far between, for the deceased nobleman, unlike many of his brother peers, was of a modest and retiring disposition, and not given to any of those little eccentricities which biographers so eagerly seize upon. One story, the truth of which is vouched for by one who ought to know, is, however, worth repeating. The duke, it may be mentioned, was a man of old-fashioned courtliness, and, like the poet Browning, was invariably the essence of politeness under all conditions. One day a visitor was announced at Chatsworth. The pasteboard of the unknown bore the name "Colonel So-and-So," and the bearer stated that he had come a long journey expressly to see the duke. His Grace, not knowing the colonel, despatched his secretary to interview the unknown, but that functionary soon returned with the information that the visitor, who appeared to be a gentleman, refused to disclose the nature of his business except to the owner of the house. The duke had him sent up to his library, and bowed low when he entered. Then he motioned the mysterious visitor to a chair, an invitation which the colonel did not accept. In fact, he stood bolt upright, and silently scrutinized the duke from head to foot. The strange behavior of the man began to grow embarrassing, and the duke was at

last compelled to ask him to state his business. To this query the colonel replied by begging to be allowed to shake the duke by the hand, a request that was readily granted. Then he exclaimed: "Thank you, I feel extremely obliged to you. I have travelled some hundreds of miles to see a real live English duke, but I never expected to be allowed the privilege of shaking one by the hand. Thank you so much. If ever you should be in Chicago I trust you will allow me to again enjoy your society; my address is so-and-so, Twenty-nine Avenue." Then he took up his hat and departed, the duke bowing low as if *he* had been honored instead of having honored an American military pork colonel.

A LITTLE story is told of the youthful queen of Holland, when she was about six or seven, which proves that the life of a princess is not quite a bed of roses. Once when seated at play with three of her dolls, one of the wax babies misbehaved itself, and the little princess held up a warning finger, saying sternly: "If you are so naughty I shall make you into a princess, and then you won't have any other little children to play with, and you'll always have to throw kisses with your hand whenever you go out driving."







# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

## Extracts from Notices.

### *The Churchman, New York, says:—*

"This magazine is so well known that it hardly needs at this late day any extended commendation. Each number is in itself a photograph, so to speak, of contemporary foreign literature, all the best articles from the foreign magazines and reviews being republished. Any library possessing a full set of *THE LIVING AGE* has on its shelves a perfect reproduction of the best English thought for the past forty years and more."

### *The Congregationalist, Boston, says:—*

"A wise judgment is displayed in the selection of its contents, which are varied and entertaining while also solid and permanently useful. Among all its rivals it pursues its way tranquilly and successfully. We do not know where to look for its equal in its own line."

### *The Presbyterian Banner, Pittsburgh, says:—*

"Its immense proportions—four large volumes every year—do not constitute its chief merit; for were these volumes trash, the more there were the worse it would be. But the contents of *THE LIVING AGE* are culled with rare taste and excellent judgment from the vast and rich field of European periodical literature. It is thus, for readers of limited leisure or purse, the most convenient and available means of possessing themselves of the very best results of current criticism, philosophy, science, and literature. Nor is the selection of its articles one-sided, but with impartial justice the various phases of modern thought are presented as set forth by their most distinguished exponents. The foremost writers of the time in every department are represented on its pages."

### *The Christian at Work, New York, says it is*

"The best of all the works of its kind. It represents in the fullest sense the high-water mark of the best literature of the times. It is the cream of all that is good. Embracing as it does the choicest literature of the magazines and reviews of the day, culled with a discrimination and judgment that is most remarkable, it is one of the most interesting and valuable publications of the times. It is a complete library in itself. We cannot note a single point where improvement could be made; and yet it does seem to grow better, richer, and more valuable with every issue. With this publication alone, a man ought to be able to keep well abreast of the literary current of the times."

### *The New-York Observer says:—*

"It would be difficult to select a choicer library than that which is found in the volumes of *THE LIVING AGE*."

### *The Christian Intelligencer, New York, says:—*

"It is indispensable to busy men and women who wish to know the course and achievements of the literature of Great Britain."

### *Zion's Herald, Boston, says:—*

"It becomes more and more necessary, as well as valuable, as the field of periodical literature broadens. It has no peer."

### *The Watchman, Boston, says:—*

"We can only repeat what we have already said, that *THE LIVING AGE* leads all other publications of its kind, not only in years, but in merit. Biography, fiction, science, criticism, history, poetry, travels, whatever men are interested in, all are found here, and it is truly a panoramic exhibition of the Living Age. It furnishes more for the money it costs than any other periodical within our knowledge."

### *The Southern Churchman, Richmond, says:—*

"If we could get but one magazine, we would get this."

### *The Christian Advocate, New York, says:—*

"It deserves its age, and the affection which it has earned."

### *The Observer, St. Louis, Mo., says:—*

"It is certainly the most valuable weekly published."

### *The Living Church, Chicago, says:—*

"It is simply invaluable, bringing to us as it does, week by week, the very cream of all the current literature of the day."

### *The New-York Tribune says:—*

"Its pages teem with the choicest literature of the day, selected with wide knowledge and admirable tact, and furnishing a complete introduction to the best thoughts of the best writers whose impress is deeply stamped upon the characteristics of the age. No reader who makes himself familiar with its contents can lack the means of a sound literary culture."

### *The Times, Philadelphia, says:—*

"In no other form can so much thoroughly good reading be got for so little money; in no other form can so much instruction and entertainment be got in so small a space."

### *The Philadelphia Inquirer says:—*

"When one is confined to the choice of but one magazine out of the brilliant array which the demands of the time have called into existence, it is indeed an injustice to one's self not to make selection of *LITTELL'S LIVING AGE*, wherein is condensed what is most valuable of the best of them."

### *The North American, Philadelphia, says:—*

"It affords the best, the cheapest, and most convenient means of keeping abreast with the progress of thought in all its phases."

### *Every Evening, Wilmington, Del., says:—*

"Each number of *THE LIVING AGE* proves how truly the thought of the age finds its keenest expression and latest development in periodicals. Not to keep up with them is to be outside the intellectual world."

### *The Courier, Lowell, Mass., says:—*

"If one wishes to keep abreast of the intellectual march of mankind, he not only should, but must, read regularly *THE LIVING AGE*."

### *The San Francisco Chronicle says:—*

"Coming weekly, it has a great advantage over the monthly magazines and reviews in giving the freshest and best of foreign essays, reviews, tales, and sketches of travel and adventure."

### *The Albany Argus says:—*

"It is edited with great skill and care, and its weekly appearance gives it certain advantages over its monthly rivals."

### *The Cincinnati Gazette says it is*

"As much in the forefront of eclectic publications as at its start forty years ago."

### *The Montreal Gazette says it is*

"Remarkably cheap for the quality and amount of reading furnished."

### *The Indianapolis Journal says it*

"Grows better as the years roll on."

### *The Boston Journal says:—*

"To turn over these richly laden pages is to expose one's self to a perpetual temptation to pause and read some suggestive or striking essay, sketch, or poem. Excellent discrimination is shown in the selections,—for in this, as in all editing, the crucial test is the knowing what not to print,—and the result is that the reader of *THE LIVING AGE* has the best of the foreign literature wisely sifted and brought before him in a very convenient shape."

### *The Commonwealth, Boston, says:—*

"Whatever is not known and published by the editors of *THE LIVING AGE* is not worth knowing."

### *The Hawk-Eye, Burlington, Iowa, says:—*

"It has no rival. And if but one magazine can be read, this could certainly be the choice."

### *The Boston Traveller says:—*

"It absolutely seems a work of supererogation to say a word in praise of *THE LIVING AGE*; but it is really so good a thing in its way that we cannot withhold our word of commendation. We have been familiar with its pages for nearly fifty years; and though its earlier contents were variegated and most excellent, better is the end of this thing than the beginning."

### *The Commercial Advertiser, Detroit, says it is*

"The cheapest magazine for the amount of matter published in the United States."

### *The Courier-Journal, Louisville, says it is*

"The oldest and the best."

Published Weekly at \$8.00 a year, free of postage.

ADDRESSES

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford Street, Boston.

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.



AS THE LIVING AGE approaches its jubilee, it is interesting to recall the prophecy made concerning it by MR. JUSTICE STORY upon reading the prospectus in April, 1844. He then said, "I entirely approve the plan. If it can obtain the public patronage long enough, it will contribute in an eminent degree to give a healthy tone, not only to our literature, but to public opinion. It will enable us to possess in a moderate compass a select library of the best productions of the age."

That THE LIVING AGE has fully justified this forecast is proved by the constant praises which, during all the years of its publication, have been bestowed upon it by the press; some of the more recent of which are given below.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE of sixty-four pages, THE LIVING AGE gives more than

## Three and a Quarter Thousand

double-column octavo pages of reading-matter yearly, forming four large volumes. It presents in an inexpensive form, considering its great amount of matter, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with a satisfactory completeness attempted by no other publication,

The best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Tales, Sketches of Travel and Discovery, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political Information, from the entire body of Foreign Periodical Literature.

It is therefore invaluable to eve., American reader, as the only satisfactorily fresh and COMPLETE compilation of an indispensable current literature,—indispensable because it embraces the productions of THE ABLEST LIVING WRITERS in all branches of Literature, Science, Politics, and Art.

## Opinions.

"If a cultured stranger from another world were to find himself in this one, and were to make a study of our literary advantages, he would be impressed especially, we are confident, by the abundance, variety and high average quality of the contents of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE."—*The Congregationalist, Boston.*

"It is nearly half a century since the first volume of this sterling publication came from the press, and to-day it stands the most perfect publication of its kind in the world. . . There is but one LIVING AGE, though many have essayed imitations. While their intent has no doubt been worthy, they have lacked that rare discriminating judgment, that fineness of acumen, and that keen appreciation of what constitutes true excellence, which make LITTELL'S LIVING AGE the incomparable publication that it is. . . We know of no other publication that is so thorough an educator, for it touches all live subjects and gives the best thought of leading minds concerning them."—*Christian at Work, New York.*

"No eclectic journal has ever deserved so well of the public. . . It contains nearly all the good literature of the time."—*The Churchman, New York.*

"It improves with age. It is a treasure-house of the best periodical literature in the language, and subscribers are easily enabled to keep themselves acquainted with the work of the most eminent writers of the time."—*Standard of the Cross, Philadelphia.*

"It maintains its leading position in spite of the multitude of aspirants for public favor. . . He who subscribes for a few years to it gathers a choice library, even though he may have no other books."—*New-York Observer.*

"Indeed it may well be doubted whether there exists any more essential aid to cultivation of the mind among English-speaking people; and its importance increases with the ever-growing rush and hurry of modern times. . . Certain it is that no other magazine can take its place in enabling the busy reader to keep up with current literature."—*Episcopal Recorder, Philadelphia.*

"It has, in the half century of its existence, furnished its host of readers with literature the best of the day, such as cannot fail to educate and stimulate the intellectual faculties, and create tastes and desires for loftier attainments."—*Frederick's Banner, Pittsburgh.*

"It is incomparably the finest literary production of modern times."—*Herald and Presbyter, Cincinnati.*

"For the man who tries to be truly conversant with the very best literature of this and other countries, it is indispensable."—*Central Baptist, St. Louis.*

"The subscription price is low for the abundance of excellent reading given."—*New-York Evangelist.*

"It would be cheap at almost any price."—*California Christian Advocate, San Francisco.*

"It saves much labor to a busy man who only wants to read the best."—*The Advocate, Chicago.*

"It retains the characteristics of breadth, catholicity and good taste which have always marked its editing. The fields of fiction, biography, travel, science, poetry, criticism, and social and religious discussion all come within its domain and all are well represented."—*Boston Journal.*

"It may be truthfully and cordially said that it never offers a dry or valueless page."—*New-York Tribune.*

"To read it is itself an education in the course of modern thought and literature."—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

"Coming weekly, it has a great advantage over the monthly magazines and reviews."—*San-Francisco Chronicle.*

"It is one of the invaluable to those whose time is limited."—*Houston (Tex.) Post.*

"No one who pretends to keep au courant with what is doing in science and literature can afford to dispense with it."—*Hartford Courant.*

"In giving a comprehensive view of the best current literature, the product of the best writers of the day, it stands unrivalled."—*Canada Presbyterian, Toronto.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY at \$8.00 a year, free of postage.

## CLUB PRICES FOR THE BEST HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

["Possessed of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, and of one or other of our vivacious American monthlies, a subscriber will find himself in command of the whole situation."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*]

For \$10.50, THE LIVING AGE and any one of the four-dollar monthly magazines (or *Harper's Weekly* or *Bazar*) will be sent for a year, postpaid; or, for \$9.50, THE LIVING AGE and *Scribner's Magazine*, or *Lippincott's Magazine*, or the *St. Nicholas*.

Rates for clubbing THE LIVING AGE with more than one other periodical will be sent on application. Sample copies of THE LIVING AGE 15 cents each.

ADDRESS

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford St., Boston.